ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 4.---NO. 6. SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 29, 1848. WHOLE NO. 162.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at *Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio*, by the Executive Committee of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the *best* means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

TERMS.

$1,00 per annum, if paid on, or before the receipt of the 1st No.

$1,25 if not paid in advance, but paid within 3 mos. of the time of subscribing; and

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☞ No subscription received for less than six months, and all payments to be made within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing. Subscriptions for *less* than one year to be paid *invariably* in advance.

☞ We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

☞ Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNABY.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.

The publishers of the Bugle have been put to great inconvenience and considerable expense, in consequence of those with whom they have business transactions neglecting to bear in mind a few necessary rules and regulations which may be thus stated:

1. In sending the name of a new subscriber or a remittance for an old one, write it distinctly, and give not only the name of the Post Office, but the name of the *County* and *State* in which said office is located.

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3. According to general usage, subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as willing to continue their subscriptions; and those who are in arrear cannot discontinue their paper, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, and if they neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, or move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are responsible for payment.

4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper (for which the individual has subscribed) from the office, and removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of *intentional fraud.*

5. If you wish to discontinue a paper, *first pay all arrearages*, then request the publishers either personally, by letter from yourself, or through your Post Master to have it stopped.

Wherein is the United States Constitution Anti-Christian?

Not *per se* as a compact of civil society for the people of this nation, voluntarily associated. Not in its general ends, or declared fundamental principles. Not in the majority of its prescriptive sections or clauses.—Not in its *primary* or *most* important uses.—But in several of its practically influential assumptions, prescriptions and requirements; which, in spite of its declared objects, principles and uses, stamp it as unequivocally anti-Christian.

It assumes the necessity, justice and expediency of war, and military destructiveness as its dernier resort for self-preservation, defence and respect. It expresses no desire, gives no hint, and of course makes no provision for superseding war with peace, or military force with Christian preventives. It clothes Congress with almost unlimited power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, support an army and navy, frame a martial code, train the militia, and do all things necessary to the maintenance of a complete war system. Hence eighty per cent., of the public revenue ordinarily goes for this abhorrent purpose. It makes the chief magistrate generalissimo by land and sea, and pledges him to exercise his military functions on all occasions of foreign invasion or domestic insurrection. In all these respects it is unequivocally *anti-Christian.*

It prescriptively obliges all its officers and citizens, either explicitly or implicitly, to promise it their allegiance and support, without the least reservation in favor of conscientious scruples on any point. In this it is anti-Christian.

It is a pro-slavery compact. Slaveholders and non-slaveholders met together, both in framing and ratifying it, with a mutual recognition of each other's moral and political fitness to be citizens and rulers in a professedly republican government; which of itself was a practical denial of republican liberty. No man is morally fit to be trusted with the liberties of the people, who robs his fellow men of their self-evident rights.

Its framers and ratifiers held, among them, six or seven hundred thousand slaves. Yet this Constitution neither abolished slavery, nor provided for its future abolition, nor condemned it as a sin against God, man, or liberty, nor lamented it as an evil, nor expressed a desire for its cessation, nor so much as mentioned it by name. It designedly avoids the honest use of the terms by which slaves, slavery and slaveholding have ever been popularly designated.

Neither did it abolish the abominable foreign slave trade, which was then in full career; but actually *prohibited* the abolition thereof, even by *amendment*, for twenty years, without giving the slightest pledge that after the year 1808 the traffic should be suppressed. Thus it sanctioned and pledged the national protection to unmitigated piracy against humanity. It did all this without one solitary expression of shame, sorrow or compunction.

It gave slaveholders a preponderating political weight in the election of President and Vice President, and in the lower branch of the National Legislature, to the extent of three-fifths of all their slaves; whence has resulted a slaveholding oligarchy in the government, and innumerable evils to the country.

It pledged all the citizens of the United States to deliver up fugitive slaves on demand of persons claiming them under the laws of a slaveholding State, just as if they were actual felons, whereby thousands of unfortunate people have been subjected, not only to recapture, but to all manner of cruelties for the innocent act of trying to obtain by peaceful flight their natural and inalienable rights.

It pledged the whole national force of purse and arms to protect slaveholders against *domestic violence*, though naturally and wantonly provoked by outrage and inhumanity under the system of slavery. In this way the U. S. Constitution clandestinely but effectually endorsed the moral and republican character of slaveholders, held out a bounty of extra political power to the perpetrators of new and aggravated outrages on the rights of man, installed the slave-trade as the legitimate branch of national commerce for twenty years, cut off the slaves from all hope of deliverance, either by flight or resistance, made the Federal Government Jailer to the slave States, opened the door to a long series of slaveocratic usurpations, and completely implicated the whole nation in the guilt of an institution which aggregates and involves all the wickedness that human beings can commit against one another or their Creator.—All this is as clearly demonstrable as that two and two make four.

Yet this Constitution was framed and adopted by a people professing unbounded reverence for republican liberty and the natural rights of man. And it continues to be supported on oath or affirmation by such a people, thus far to the triumphant march, extension and consolidation of slavery.

That it may be seen how jealously this Constitution guards the liberty of Republicanism against the tyranny of Monarchy and the insidious encroachments of foreign influence, read the following article:

"If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept and retain any present, pension, office or emolument of any kind whatsoever, from any emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States, and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them, or either of them."

Thus it appears that if a citizen of the United States, without a special act of indulgence from Congress, should accept a cane, or a tin medal, or a red ribbon, from Queen Victoria, he would forfeit all the rights and honors of citizenship. He could neither vote or hold office. He would render himself unworthy of membership in the civil society of this liberty-loving Republic. But he may hold a thousand slaves, not only without reproach, but with additional political influence, and with the solemn pledge of the whole nation that if his slaves run away from him, they shall be delivered up to him on demand, and if they rebel against his tyranny, they shall be crushed by irresistible force, at the public expense, into passive submission. And these republican monarchs of the plantation, fat and sleek on the spoils of liberty, may be made Presidents, &c., &c., —made the special guardians of the very liberty so jealously guarded from the taint of a royal bribe. To accept a royal ribbon disfranchises and all but outlaws a citizen.—To hold as slaves hundreds of fellow creatures is meritorious. Who will swear to support such an anti-Christian Constitution? Let no man that names the name of Christ blast his conscience by assuming such a fearfully criminal responsibility.—*Non-Resistant and Practical Christian.*

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

The Present Crisis.

The importance of the present crisis in the progress of our cause cannot well be overrated, nor can the necessity of a true appreciation of it and wise action in it, by the abolitionists. With thrilling interest we have watched the events of the few months past, connected with the slavery question, in their successive developments, and with a deep and almost painful anxiety we look upon the present posture of our cause. The times are full of promise and of peril. They offer us a great and speedy triumph, or a shameful discomfiture, as we wisely read and heed their message, or mistake and disregard it. If the abolitionists are equal to this trial, as they have been to so many before it, and with a firm integrity and calm courage, and clear insight for the present and foresight for the future, they press on their way as the propagators of a Great Truth, they must be victorious. A thousand signs give promise of it. All the jarring elements of broken sects and parties are gravitating toward that result, and nothing can defeat it but our own imprudence or desertion of principle. But if, seduced from their adherence to principle, by the allurements of popular favor, and a hope of speedy victory, these pioneer reformers leave their high moral position to enter the Government and become members of a political party, their faithfulness must be disastrous to the cause they love.

Opposition, reproach and persecution, have sifted our ranks, but they have tended to keep us pure. So little have we been exposed to the temptations of popular favor, that we have hardly thought it necessary to guard against it. This is the weak point which we are now called to defend with peculiar watchfulness.

We rejoice with joy unfeigned at the insubordination evident in the ranks of the pro-slavery parties, though it is not all attributable to anti-slavery feeling. Had the Whig Convention nominated a thorough Whig, and the Democratic Convention a man not especially odious to the Barnburners, no one believes there would have been such a breach in those parties as we now see; but whatever local dissensions and personal feelings have operated to aid the result, we are glad to see the party power broken. Its [illegible] once shattered, the people are freer to follow the leadings of their humanity and sense of right. These obstructions removed, men who seemed heartless and inhuman before, will prove their sympathy with suffering and abhorrence of injustice. The parties have heretofore forbidden the people to read, to hear, and especially to *feel* on the subject of slavery. Their managers have misstated our principles, our objects, measures and motives and to them the people have listened as to oracles. For us to denounce their frauds and expose them, or deny their falsehoods, seemed to their devotees almost like blaspheming the gods. Now their spell is dissolved, and they stand revealed in their true character in the eyes of thousand of their former adherents. They can no longer shut out from these thousands the vision of their enslaved brethren, nor drown their cry for help.

More than this, the slavery question, much as they may try to dodge it, is now forced upon them as the great question of the times. The character of slavery and its influence on the country must be canvassed. All the questions of political policy which have hitherto divided the parties are overshadowed by this vast question of human rights. The dissolution of old parties has prepared the people to hear and judge of its importance, and their own relations and duties toward it.

What is the duty of abolitionists in this crisis? is the question that rises in all honest minds. We shall not be understood as dictatorial in frankly giving it our answer, agreeably to our own convictions, as we leave all others the same liberty of judgment which we claim and exercise. We believe that the abolitionists, while they must look with interest upon the movements of the Free Soil party, cannot consistently engage in that or any other party which is founded upon a recognition of the United States Constitution and allegiance to the Government.

We would act toward the slaveholder *in good faith, however treacherously they act* toward us, and as we intend to protect fugitive slaves, and prevent their recapture by all rightful efforts, and mean to render no aid to slavery, we frankly say so to the South. As the constitution requires the North to succor the slave system, we cannot support or promise to support it, and therefore decline privileges offered on that condition.

The South has a right to expect that every man who adheres to the Constitution will fully sustain its pro-slavery compromises, and can justly accuse him of bad faith if he does not. Mr. Van Buren and the Free Soil party intend to do this, if we rightly understand them, but abolitionists *do not* intend it, and they should make their very position bear witness that they do not.

No temporary advantages, no apparent accession of strength or numbers, can justify us in deserting the strict law of right, or dishonoring our faith.

But aside from constitutional objections, we see no consistency in abolitionists gathering under the lead of a man who does not profess one distinctively anti-slavery principle, and who goes only for the non-extension of slavery. They regard slavery as a sin and crime every where—to be repented of and abandoned *now*; but Mr. Van Buren does not thus regard it; on the other hand he thinks it inexpedient to abolish it in the District of Columbia, and without doubt, would render it all the aid which the Constitution grants, and we have no evidence that he would recommend even the prohibition of the infamous slave traffic in the District and between the states. We know the Buffalo Platform, while it professes that its great purpose is to "limit, localize and discourage" (not to abolish) slavery, seems to require the party to prohibit it in the District of Columbia, yet their "embodiment," as the Whigs called their perpetual candidate, while accepting the platform, avows himself opposed to "immediate emancipation" in the District, though he would submit to the opinion of Congress should both houses pass such a bill, and would sanction it.

The position of the candidate is a virtual amendment to the platform. Were he elected, instead of *recommending* the adoption by Congress of that grand anti-slavery principle of immediate emancipation, where he affirms their right to do it, he would openly or tacitly discourage it, as he believes it would be unwise.

In joining the Free Soil party, we must accept of the party candidates, whose opinions are important modifications of the platform.

Political abolitionists have often excused themselves for acting under the Constitution, by the plea that they were trying to amend it. With what consistency can they support a party which not only makes no proposal to amend the Constitution, but breathes no complaint of its cruel and wicked compromises? More than that, which directly limits its anti-slavery within the present constitutional bounds?

But while abolitionists cannot join the party, nor vote with them, they do rejoice at this great breach in the pro-slavery parties. They honour those who, not seeing further, are honest to their own hearts in abandoning the Sodom and Gomorrah of Whiggery and Democracy for the Zoar of Free Soil, while they repeat to them the angelic warning to tarry not in all the plain, but haste to the mountain of principle. We have our work before us, as *moral* reformers. Let us redouble our zeal and energy as our field enlarges. Now is the time to scatter anti-slavery truth, by conversation and public meetings, by volumes, and tracts, and periodicals, and private correspondence. It is the sunshine of our planting, and of our harvest too; for in the tropic climate of reform, fruitage and sowing are perpetual. We may not desert our work without disaster to our cause and our own souls.

For the A. S. Bugle.

Mrs. Swisshelm and the Barnburners.

A [illegible] woman is that Mrs. Swisshelm of the "Pittsburg Saturday Visiter." Seldom rivalled at repartee, and somewhat erratic withal—just enough so to give an agreeable variety to the productions of her pen.—With her political views I have not the least particle of sympathy. And it has always seemed strange to me, how a woman of her spirit and intellectual power could become associated with a political party which denies to women the right to participate, equally with men, in all laudable schemes for urging forward the grand reformatory movements of the age. Perhaps she thinks, with Frederick Douglass, "that, so far from prejudice and false views of our equality being a valid reason for not acting with a party, it is sometimes the most valid reason which can be given for such action." She tells us that she entered the Liberty party without an invitation, and brought her own stool;—and if she had continued to occupy it herself—steadily and firmly resisting the encroachments of the "lords of Creation,"—I should not feel half so much inclined to find fault with her present position. It was two-thirds of a grief to learn that she had merged her individual self in Liberty party; and it was almost an unbearable calamity to be compelled to believe that she had consented to make room for others upon her stool, and had thus relinquished a portion of her prerogatives. When she assumed the editorial supervision of the "Visitor," many of her admirers supposed that she would devote a large portion of her talents to the dissemination of her peculiar views in regard to the duties, as well as the rights of her own sex; and that, as far as she carried her arms, she would prove invincible. But she has probably reserved her right to say what she pleases—sometimes. And her Barnburning associates will have to endure her scalding as patiently as they can, making a practicable application of their own principle to circumscribe, where they cannot eliminate constitutional prerogatives. Do hear her talk to 'em: "However odd the notion may appear, we should be sorry if you Barnburners should succeed in your first campaign. * * * Your organs of destructiveness are not sufficiently excited, and a victory now would ruin you, by throwing you off your guard, whilst it would arouse the utmost vigilance of the enemy. You have got far enough to know that ultimate victory, or endless slavery, must be yours, so there is no danger of your surrendering; and most heartily do we wish you a protracted siege, until, like Titus at the siege of Jerusalem, you may be forced, by obstinate resistance, to raze the temple to the ground, leaving not a stone upon one another." Why, what a woman! Every hour is an age of misery to millions of our enslaved countrymen. And shall that misery be prolonged that the Barnburners may endure the "tug of war" before they win the ultimate victory? If the election of Mr. Van Buren is going to prove the *open sesame* to the slaves, in the name of humanity, crushed and bleeding, spare no pains, neglect no duty, and leave no stone unturned, until his election is made doubly sure.

That the election of Mr. Van Buren will prevent the extension of the institution of slavery over territory now free, I do not believe. The time for efficient political action may be drawing near—when the North will cut loose from the South, and the South will have a fair chance to try the experiment of taking care of itself, which proceeding will be in accordance with my ideas of efficient political action, under the present Constitution. The South has never yet submitted to the dictation of the North; and if it ever does, it will be for the sake of involving the North in its own destruction. Like a fiery courser when first bitted, it will be alike reckless of its own safety or that of others.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

Parkman, Ohio, Sept., 11th, 1848.

☞ The *Mobile Advertiser* publishes a letter from Millard Fillmore which it pronounces satisfactory to the Taylor men of the South. It expresses no opinion whatever upon the Free Soil question, but is careful to state that the writer is contented to let the slaveholders do as they please on the subject of Slavery.—*Standard.*

From the North Star.

To my Old Master.

THOMAS AULD, SIR:—The long and intimate, tho' by no means friendly, relation which unhappily subsisted between you and myself, leads me to hope that you will easily account for the great liberty which I now take in addressing you in this open and public manner. The same fact may possibly remove any disagreeable surprise which you may experience on again finding your name coupled with mine, in any other way than in an advertisement, accurately describing my person, and offering a large sum for my arrest. In thus dragging you again before the public, I am aware that I shall subject myself to no inconsiderable amount of censure. I shall probably be charged with an unwarrantable, if not a wanton and reckless disregard of the rights and proprieties of private life. There are those North as well as South, who entertain a much higher respect for rights which are merely conventional, than they do for rights which are personal and essential. Not a few there are in our country, who, while they have no scruples against robbing the laborer of the hard-earned results of his patient industry, will be shocked by the extreme indelicate manner of bringing your name before the public. Believing this to be the case, and wishing to meet every reasonable or plausible objection to my conduct, I will frankly state the ground upon which I justify myself in this instance, as well as on former occasions when I have thought proper to mention your name in public. All will agree that a man guilty of theft, robbery or murder, has forfeited the right to concealment and private life; that the community have a right to subject such persons to the most complete exposure. However much they may desire retirement, and aim to conceal themselves and their movements from the popular gaze, the public have a right to ferret them out, and bring their conduct before the proper tribunals of the country for investigation. Sir, you will undoubtedly make the proper application of these generally-admitted principles, and will easily see the light in which you are regarded by me. I will not, therefore, manifest ill-temper, by calling you hard names. I know you to be a man of some intelligence, and can readily determine the precise estimate which I entertain of your character. I may therefore indulge in language which may seem to others indirect and ambiguous, and yet be quite well understood by yourself.

I have selected this day on which to address you, because it is the anniversary of my emancipation; and knowing of no better way, I am led to this as the best mode of celebrating that truly important event. Just *ten years ago this beautiful September morning*, yon bright sun beheld me a slave—a poor degraded chattel—trembling at the sound of your voice, lamenting that I was a man, and wishing myself a brute. The hopes which I had treasured up for weeks of a safe and successful escape from your grasp, were powerfully confronted at this last hour by dark clouds of doubt and fear, making my person shake and my bosom to heave with the heavy contest between hope and fear. I have no words to describe to you the deep agony of soul which I experienced on that never-to-be-forgotten morning—(for I left by daylight.)—I was taking a leap in the dark. The probabilities, so far as I could by reason determine them, were stoutly against the undertaking. The preliminaries and precautions I had adopted previously, all worked badly. I was like one going to war without weapons—ten chances of defeat to one of victory. One in whom I had confided, and one who had promised me assistance, appalled by fear at the trial-hour, deserted me, thus leaving the responsibility of success or failure solely with myself. You, sir, can never know my feelings. As I look back to them, I can scarcely realize that I have passed through a scene so trying. Trying, however, as they were, and gloomy as was the prospect, thanks be to the Most High, who is ever the God of the oppressed, at the moment which was to determine my whole earthly career, His grace was sufficient, my mind was made up. I embraced the golden opportunity, took the morning tide at the flood; and a free man, young, active and strong, is the result.

I have often thought I should like to explain to you the grounds upon which I have justified myself in running away from you. I am almost ashamed to do so now, for by this time you may have discovered them yourself. I will, however, glance at them. When yet but a child about six years old, I imbibed the determination to run away. The very first mental effort that I now remember on my part, was an attempt to solve the mystery, Why am I a slave? and with this question my youthful mind was troubled for many days, pressing me more heavily at times than others. When I saw the slave-driver whip a slave-woman, cut the blood out of her neck, and heard her piteous cries, I went into the corner of the fence, wept and pondered over this mystery. I had, through some medium I know not what, got some idea of God, the Creator of all mankind, the black and the white, and that he had made the blacks to serve the whites as slaves.—How he could do this and be *good*, I could not tell. I was not satisfied with this theory, which made God responsible for Slavery, for it pained me greatly, and I have wept over it long and often. At one time, your first wife, Mrs. Lucretia, heard me singing and saw me shedding tears, and asked of me the matter, but I was afraid to tell her. I was puzzled with this question, till one night, while sitting in the kitchen, I heard some of the old slaves talking of their parents having been stolen from Africa by white men, and sold here as slaves. The whole mystery was solved at once. Very soon after this, my aunt Jinny and uncle Noah ran away, and the great noise made about it by your father-in-law, made me for the first time acquainted with the fact, that there were free States as well as slave States. From that time, I resolved that I would some day run away. The morality of the act, I dispose of as follows: I am myself; you are yourself; we are two distinct persons, equal persons. What you are I am. You are a man, and so am I. God created both, and made us separate beings. I am not by nature bound to you, or you to me. Nature does not make your existence depend upon me, or mine to depend upon yours. I cannot walk upon your legs, or you upon mine. I cannot breathe for you, or you for me; I must breathe for myself, and you for yourself.—We are distinct persons, and are each equally provided with faculties necessary to our individual existence. In leaving you, I took nothing but what belonged to me, and in no way lessened your means of obtaining an honest livelihood. Your faculties remained yours, and mine became useful to their rightful owner. I therefore see no wrong in any part of the transaction. It is true, I went off secretly, but that was more your fault than mine. Had I let you into the secret, you would have defeated the enterprize entirely; but for this I should have been really glad to have made you acquainted with my intention to leave.

You may perhaps want to know how I like my present condition. I am free to say, I greatly prefer it to that which I occupied in Maryland. I am, however, by no means prejudiced against that State as such. Its geography, climate, fertility and products, are such as to make it a very desirable abode for any man; and but for the existence of Slavery there, it is not impossible that I might again take up my abode in that State. It is not that I love Maryland less, but freedom more. You will be surprised to learn that people at the North labor under the strange delusion that if the slaves were emancipated at the South, they would all flock to the North. So far from this being the case, in that event, you would see many old and familiar faces back again at the South. The fact is, there are few here who would not return to the South in the event of emancipation. We want to live in the land of our birth, and to lay our bones by the side of our fathers; and nothing short of an intense love of personal freedom keeps us from the South. For the sake of this, most of us would live on a crust of bread and a cup of cold water.

Since I left you, I have had a rich experience. I have occupied stations which I never dreamed of when a slave. Three, out of the ten years since I left you, I spent as a common laborer on the wharves of New Bedford, Massachusetts. It was there I earned my first free dollar. It was mine. I could spend it as I pleased. I could buy hams or herring with it, without asking anybody.—That was a precious dollar to me. You remember when I used to make seven or eight, or even nine dollars a week in Baltimore, you would take every cent of it from me every Saturday night, saying that I belonged to you, and my earnings also. I never liked this conduct on your part—to say the best, I thought it a little mean. I would not have served you so. But let that pass. I was a little awkward about counting money in New England fashion when I first landed in New Bedford. I like to have betrayed myself several times. I caught myself saying fip, for fourpence, and at one time a man actually charged me with being a runaway, whereupon I was silly enough to become one by running away from him, for I was greatly afraid he might adopt measures to get me again into Slavery, a condition I then *dreaded more than death.*

I soon, however, learned to count money, as well as to make it, and got on swimmingly. I married soon after leaving off; in fact I was engaged to be married before I left you, and instead of finding my companion a burden, she was truly a helpmeet. She went to live at service, and I to work on the wharf, and though we toiled hard the first winter, we never lived more happy. After remaining in New Bedford for three years, I met Wm. Lloyd Garrison, a person of whom you have *possibly* heard, as he is pretty generally known among slaveholders.—He put it into my head that I might make myself useful to the cause of the slave by devoting a portion of my time to telling my own sorrows, and those of other slaves which came under my observation. This was the commencement of a higher state of existence than any to which I had aspired. I was thrown into society the most pure, enlightened and benevolent that the country affords.—Among these I have never forgotten you, but invariably made you the topic of my conversation—thus giving you all the notoriety I could do. I need not tell you that the opinion formed of you, in these circles, is far from being favorable. They have little respect for your honesty, and less for your religion.

But I was going on to relate to you something of my interesting experience. I had not long enjoyed the excellent society to which I have referred, before the light of its excellence exerted a beneficial influence on my mind and heart. Much of my early dislike of white persons was removed, and their manners, habits, and customs, so entirely unlike what I had been used to in the kitchen-quarters on the plantations of the South, fairly charmed me, and gave me a strong disrelish for the coarse and degraded customs of my former condition. I therefore, made an effort so to improve my mind and deportment as to be somewhat fitted to the station to which I seemed almost Providentially called. The transition from degradation to respectability was indeed great, and to get from one to the other without carrying some marks of one's former condition, is truly a difficult matter. I would not have you think that I am now entirely clear of all plantation peculiarities, but my friends here, while they entertain the strongest dislike to them, regard me with that charity to which my past life somewhat entitles me, so that my condition in this respect is exceedingly pleasant. So far as my domestic affairs are concerned, I can boast of as comfortable a dwelling as your own. I have as neat and industrious a companion, and four dear children—the eldest a girl of nine years, and three fine boys, the eldest eight, the next six; and the youngest four years old.—The three eldest are now going regularly to school—two can read and write, and the other can spell with tolerable correctness words of two syllables. Dear fellows! they are all in comfortable beds, and are sound asleep, perfectly secure under my own roof. There are no slaveholders here to rend my heart by snatching them from my arms, or blast a proud mother's dearest hopes by tearing them from her bosom. These dear children are ours—not to work up into rice, sugar and tobacco, but to watch over, regard, and protect, and to rear them up in the nurture and admonition of the gospel—to train

them up in the paths of wisdom and virtue, and, as far as we can, to make them useful to the world and to themselves. Oh! sir, a slaveholder never appears to me so completely an agent of hell, as when I think of and look upon my dear children. It is then that my feelings rise above my control.—I meant to have said more with respect to my own prosperity and happiness, but thoughts and feelings which this recital has quickened, unfits me to proceed further in that direction. The grim horrors of Slavery rise in all their ghastly terror before me, the wails of millions pierce my heart, and chill my blood. I remember the chain, the gag, the bloody whip, the death-like gloom overshadowing the broken spirit of the fettered bondman, the appalling liability of his being torn away from wife and children and sold like a beast in the market. Say not that this is a picture of fancy. You well know that I wear stripes on my back inflicted by your direction; and that you, while we were brothers in the same church, caused this right hand, with which I am now penning this letter, to be closely tied to my left, and my person dragged at the pistol's mouth, fifteen miles from the Bay side to Easton, to be sold like a beast in the market, for the alleged crime of intending to escape from your possession. All this and more you remember, and know to be perfectly true, not only of yourself, but nearly all the slaveholders around you.

At this moment, you are probably the guilty holder of at least three of my own dear sisters, and my only brother in bondage. *These you regard as your own property.* They are recorded on your ledger, or perhaps have been sold to human flesh mongers, with a view to filling your own ever-hungry purse. Sir, I desire to know how and where these dear sisters are. Have you sold them? or are they still in your possession? What has become of them? are they living or dead? What has become of my dear old grandmother, whom you turned out like an old horse, to die in the woods—is she still alive? Write and let me know all about them. If my grandmother be still alive she is of no service to you; for by this time she must be nearly eighty years of age—too old to be cared for by one to whom she has ceased to be of service, send her to me at Rochester, or bring her to Philadelphia, and it shall be the crowning happiness of my life to take care of her in her old age. Oh! she was to me a mother, and a father, so far as hard labor for my comfort could make her such.—Send me my grandmother! that I may watch over and take care of her in her old age.—And my sisters, let me know all about them. I would write to them, and learn all I want to know of them without disturbing you in any way, but that, through your unrighteous conduct, they have been entirely deprived of the power to read and write. You have kept them in utter ignorance, and have therefore robbed them of the sweet enjoyment of writing or receiving letters from absent friends and relatives. Your wickedness and cruelty in this respect on your own fellow-creatures, are greater than all the stripes you have laid upon my back, or theirs. It is an outrage upon the soul—a war upon the immortal spirit, and one for which you must give account at the bar of our common Father and Creator.

The responsibility which you have assumed in this regard is truly awful—and how you could stagger under it these many years is marvellous. Your mind must have become darkened, your heart hardened, your conscience *seared and petrified*, or you would have long since thrown off the accursed load and sought relief at the hands of a sin forgiving God. How, let me ask, would you look upon me, were I some dark night in company with a band of hardened villians, to enter the precincts of your own elegant dwelling and seize the person of your own lovely daughter Amanda, and carry her off from your family, friends and all the loved ones of her youth—make her my slave—compel her to work, and I take her wages—place her name on my ledger as property—disregard her personal rights—fetter the powers of her immortal soul by denying her the right and privilege of learning to read and write—feed her coarsely—clothe her scantily, and whip her on the naked back occasionally; more and still more horrible, leave her unprotected—a degraded victim to the brutal lust of fiendish overseers who would pollute, blight, and blast her fair soul—rob her of all dignity—destroy her virtue, and annihilate all in her person the graces that adorn the character of virtuous womanhood? I ask how would you regard me, if such were my conduct? Oh! the vocabulary of the damned would not afford a word sufficiently infernal, to express your idea of my God-provoking wickedness. Yet sir, your treatment of my beloved sisters is in all essential points, precisely like the case I have now supposed. Damning as would be such a deed on my part, it would be no more so than that which you have committed against me and my sisters.

I will now bring this letter to a close, you shall hear from me again unless you let me hear from you. I intend to make use of you as a weapon with which to assail the system of Slavery—as a means of concentrating public attention on the system, and deepening their horror of trafficking in the souls and bodies of men. I shall make use of you as a means of exposing the character of the American church and clergy—and as a means of bringing this guilty nation with yourself to repentance. In doing this I entertain no malice towards you personally. There is no roof under which you would be more safe than mine, and there is nothing in my house which you might need for your comfort, which I would not readily grant. Indeed, I should esteem it a privilege, to set you an example as to how mankind ought to treat each other.

I am your fellow man but not your slave.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

P. S.—I send a copy of the paper containing this letter, to save postage.—F. D.

What Piety it is the World Hates. It is not true that the world hates piety.—The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.

For the A. S. Bugle.

Cherry Valley, Sept., 1, 1848.

Friends Jones:—

Our cause is onward. Last Sunday I commenced a series of meetings in Crawford county, Pennsylvania, at Linesville. Not knowing any friend on whom to call, I called at the tavern, and inquired concerning the meeting. I learned that the notice had been so far circulated as to create some sensation. Some were for closing the house against me; some were shocked because I would so desecrate the Sabbath as to hold an anti slavery meeting on that day; and I afterwards learned that *one* proposed to aid in giving me a coat of "tar and feathers." But after all, the house was opened, and rather more than an "Apostolic number" tardily assembled to hear me. I concluded that the best I could do, under the circumstances, would be to aim a blow at their inhuman Sabbatarian notions. I undertook to show that sectarian zeal lay at the bottom of the whole; and that they had no regard for the day further than they could make it subserve their party interests. For the few last years it is well known that no cessation of labor has been observed in the national workshops, where the munitions of the infernal Mexican war *were manufactured; but at this governmental* Sabbath desecration what pious priest or sedate layman turned pale, in or round about Linesville? Also, most of the famous battles of that war were fought on *Sunday*.—But did this sacreligious desecration of their "holy day" cause either the men in black or their flocks, of the good place in question, to stand aghast? I think as I put these questions, and others of a similar character, the few listening were struck forcibly with the hypocritical cry of Sabbath desecration that had been raised against me. It is evangelical, according to the Linesville standard of orthodoxy, to manufacture the weapons of a war waged for the purpose of extending the curse of slavery over the fair plains which the semi-barbarous Mexicans—as we tauntingly call them—have consecrated to liberty, *on Sunday!* It is perfectly Christian, according to the same standard, to plunge those Sunday-wrought weapons into the hearts of innocent men, and send a Sunday-wrought and Sunday-loaded bomb shell into a company of innocent women and children, while even around the altar, *on Sunday!* All this is no violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath! Making deadly weapons *on Sunday*, and with them dealing death to innocent human beings *on Sunday*, is no *evangelical* violation of the *Sabbath!* But when I ask to be heard in behalf of the perishing millions of slaves of this "land of Sabbaths," Linesville is horror-stricken beyond measure.

The inevitable conclusion which these glaring absurdities force upon us is, that the church and clergy "keep" the day, not from any reverence for it, but because it "brings great gain to their craftsmen."—This was the impression I *aimed* to leave, and think I succeeded.

Next meeting in Conneautville. Free Soil rife here. Found also quite a generous feeling among the members of this party.—"The Free Soil Advocate," published here, very generously published a list of notices. The "Courier," also, a neutral paper, published a notice of my meeting held on the evening of the day the paper went to press. Other facilities, such as "ringing the bell," furnishing a comfortable house and lighting it, &c., which were afforded, helped on the meeting very much.

My effort here was first, to convince the people that slavery is a terrible sin, and that slaveholders are terrible sinners. This, I am thoroughly convinced, is a very important duty, notwithstanding the loud pretensions of the masses to anti-slavery. However I may have succeeded in *convincing*, all acknowledged that I had clearly established *that point*.

On the second evening I took up the Buffalo Platform, and construed it to mean, in the concise language of J. R. Giddings, "that the Free States have the same constitutional rights to be *free* from all the support, disgrace and guilt of slavery, that the South has to involve herself in all these." I asked the Free Soil friends if, according to their understanding, I had correctly construed it. They all agreed that I had. I next asked if they regarded slavery as so great a sin that, were this *not* their constitutional right, they would go for it at the expense of the destruction of the Constitution? They answered yes, and could not decently give any other answer, after agreeing that all who support slavery are necessarily the greatest of villains.

I then showed that slavery was a municipal institution—that the slave by coming North did not thereby become *free*—and that, consequently, the Constitution of the United States is a great overshadowing municipal law, and paramount to all others, which makes Pennsylvania and Ohio *Slave Territory*. That were Zachary Taylor's 280 slaves to go to the Free Soil friends of Conneautville, and ask from them protection, they had no soil on which they could plant themselves, and hurl a constitutional defiance into the face of their claimant, but were sworn, as dutiful citizens of the government, to "deliver them up." I also showed that in other ways they were *constitutionally* tied up to the support of slavery. I did not fail, of course, to push them up to the conclusion that their *only* salvation was in dissolution, that the true motto was, "No union with Slaveholders."

That they were startled with these bold positions, and the strong arguments by which they were backed, is not to be wondered at; but they received it cautiously, and from the candor and fairness manifested, it is not too much to hope that calm reflection will bring them to the right result.

Went next to Spring Corners. Called on a Free Soil friend, who seemed very much afraid that our efforts would seriously injure that movement, but he assured me that "if we would wait until *after election*, he would give us a hearing; and that if we could then show him a higher platform than his, he would immediately step up on to it." I thought how a man of good feelings must feel in such a predicament; and you can think too, as well as I. Held two meetings, both small, but I think very profitable. I succeeded in awakening a strong desire to have a meeting held that should afford an opportunity for a fair and full discussion of the whole question. Those present engaged, and I believe they will be true to their engagement, to use their efforts to get up a large meeting.

Went from Spring Corners to Lockport. Rather hard soil. First meeting very small. Second respectable for numbers. At this meeting several declared they were in favor of slavery, a declaration for which I was entirely unprepared, as I had not heard the like before for several years. So far did the place seem behind the times that I judged it best to dwell entirely upon the fundamentals of anti-slavery—to confine myself to elementary principles. I hope the effect will be to lead the people of Lockport to turn round and become genuine abolitionists.

At the close of the second meeting some young men engaged in a rowdy scene, of which they will hereafter be ashamed if shame be left them. Although they offered *me* no violence, decency could not boast of coming off half so well.

But the cause progresses.

Yours for the triumph,

H. W. CURTIS.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, SEPTEMBER 29, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds.—*Edmund Burke.*

☞ Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Something to be Remembered.

It would be well for every one who contemplates casting a ballot at the approaching Presidential election, to remember that his vote is not simply an expression of preference for one of the nominees, but involves certain obligations, becomes the embodiment of certain pledges. To prefer one man to another as chief magistrate of the nation, may be harmless in itself; but to submit to sinful conditions, to consent to commit a wrong act in order to invest that preference with political power, is unquestionably a violation of principle and ought to be shunned. The successful nominee, whether Cass, Taylor, Van Buren or Smith, must promise, as the agent of the people, as the man whom *all* the members of government have consented shall be their representative, to sustain the United States Constitution, and faithfully see all its provisions executed; and this is a fact which we fear is overlooked by many. The great mass of politicians are so engrossed in laboring for the success of their respective favorites, that they forget that each and every one—*impliedly* by his vote, and *expressly* by the oath of the successful candidate—swears to uphold and defend that Constitution which is unquestionably based on a compromise of Republican and Christian principles.

And we now refer to the subject because at this time the character of the Constitution is not rightly appreciated. It is regarded as a beautiful theory of government, as simply a glorious document, rather than as the organic law of the land, binding *every* member of the government faithfully to fulfil its *every* article and section as circumstances may require, and by whose power slavery has been protected and grown to giant size, laughing to scorn all attempts to bind his will.

Yes, let it be borne in mind that every vote cast, is a pledge to sustain slavery by and through the United States Constitution. For it has not been denied—save by a small minority, who might as well deny that there *is* a Constitution—that the framers of the national compact designed it to be pro-slavery, and that its ratifiers, from the time the question of its adoption was first presented to the people, down through every successive election, have ever regarded it as such. To say that the fathers did not intend to protect slavery when they framed the Constitution, is to say that they lied; for every one familiar with the debates in the Convention called for that purpose, cannot be ignorant that they repeatedly affirmed that certain clauses were designed to favor that accursed system. Indeed, Governeur Morris declared: "Slavery is the *most* prominent feature in the aristocratic countenance of your proposed Constitution. * * * I would rather submit myself to a tax to pay for every negro in the United States, than saddle posterity with such a Constitution." And the people have understood, and yet understand that it is designed in certain of its parts to protect slavery. Under it, fugitives have been, and are yet, "delivered up"—a recognition of the slaveholders right to property in human flesh which the South never insisted upon prior to the adoption of the Constitution. Under it, the North stands ready to protect the South against "domestic violence" from her chattel laborers—an obligation never acknowledged until the Constitution became the law of the land.

Here then is the position of every voter.—He stands pledged as a component part of the government to deliver up the fugitive slave from Georgia to the man to whom, *under the laws of that State*, he owes service or labor; he stands pledged to resist every attempt of the bondman to regain his freedom and rise from chattelism to manhood; and he impiously calls upon Almighty God to witness his sincerity in the promises he makes. He may, it is true, endeavor to justify himself as an abolitionist, by striving to *prove himself a perjured man*, and asserting that when he swore to do this wickedness, he did not intend to do it. The man who says he acts in bad faith to the slaveholder, promising to do that which he does not design to do, *may* tell the truth to the slaveholder and lie to others—there is no knowing when to believe him. He may plead ignorance of the character of the Constitution; that ignorance is sinful, for he has no right to swear to do he knows not what. No attempted justification, no fine spun sophistry can alter the character of the oath. It is registered in heaven, it stands recorded as an oath not to elevate, but to degrade humanity, not to scatter blessings, but to fasten curses upon mankind; and we put the question seriously and pointedly to every voter whose ear we may gain, Will the election of Gen. Taylor, Gen. Cass, Martin Van Buren or Gerrit Smith, justify you in thus becoming, whether in good or bad faith, the pledged allies of slavery? The election of some one of these candidates to the Presidential chair may be very desirable; but is it *so* desirable, that you, who profess to be an abolitionist, may, to secure it, swear to uphold slavery? for in voting for Gen. Cass you vote for the Constitution, in casting your ballot for Taylor, you cast it in favor of the Constitution, in laboring to secure the triumph of Van Buren, you perpetuate the Constitution, in striving to make certain the election of Gerrit Smith, you give strength to the Constitution. Vote for whom you will, you vote for the Constitution of the United States. You vote for chains, and whips, and thumbscrews, and branding irons, and crushed hopes, and blighted affections, and degraded intellect for the slave; you vote for enervating luxury, and vicious indolence, and sensual debasement, and gross immorality and absolute despotism for the slaveholder; you vote for continued servility, and recreancy to principle, and sinful compromises, and unnatural union with men-stealers for the people of the North. And this, no matter whether Whig or Democrat, Free Soil or League, be your party designation; for the South has the game in her own hands, and none may play it with her, except upon the prescribed terms as set forth in the compromises of the Constitution. Remember this!

ADDENDA.

Since writing the foregoing, the thought has occurred to us that some of our readers may suggest that this is not by any means the first time we have spoken of the sinful compromises of the National Compact.—Very true, and probably it will not be the last, for it is a subject whose importance demands that it be kept continually before the people. The changes must be rung and re-rung upon it, until all who are parties to the governmental contract become fully aware of the character of the wicked obligations they have thereby assumed. We remember hearing of a professed abolitionist of New England—a clergyman whose anti-slavery zeal was represented rather by an indefinite faith than by well-defined works—who one day received a letter, with the seal bearing the device of a kneeling slave, and the motto—"*Am I not a man and a brother?*" The motto arrested his attention, and produced an entire change in the character of the man.—In relating its effect he said, "When I knelt down by my bedside in prayer, I saw kneeling there a fettered slave with his manacled hands raised to heaven, and I heard his pathetic appeal, '*Am I not a man and a brother?*' And in the morning, my first thoughts were of that slave, and his cry for help rang in my ears, and he implored for aid on the broad ground of Christian equality, '*Am I not a man and a brother?*' And when I knelt in the pulpit, there was the slave kneeling by my side, and I received no rest for my conscience until I came out and publicly acknowledged, yes, you *are* a man and a brother; and as a *man* I will demand the restoration of your rights, as a *brother* I will plead with a brother's zeal for your deliverance.

If we can do as good a work as did that anti-slavery motto, if by continually asserting the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, by continually repeating the battle-cry, "No union with slaveholders," we can induce professed abolitionists to inquire—with a sincere desire to follow the Truth, even though it should lead them out of their present political partnership—what course duty requires at their hands, we shall feel we have not labored in vain, and that the words we have spoken, however unseemly or uncouth their arrangement, have served rightly to direct inquiring minds.

The Pic-Nic.

The children's Pic-Nic advertised for Tuesday last, was held, the meeting part in the Friends' house, and the eating part in Liberty Hall. Our engagements were unfortunately such we were not able to be present, but judging from the crowds of joyous little faces we saw passing by, and from the reports of those who attended, the occasion must have been interesting and highly satisfactory to both speakers and hearers. Children from ten and twenty miles distant were there; ample provisions was made for all at the intermission feast, and at the close of the meeting Henry C. Wright presented each child with one of his little books on peace, thus disposing we should judge, of two hundred or more copies.

There is scarcely a father or a mother to be found who is not anxious that their children should be peace children, that they should shun fighting, avoid quarrelling, and be in short as they imagine that Jesus in his childhood must have been, for they know that the prevalance of such a gentle, lamb-like disposition would make the light of home brighter and multiply family blessings. It is all well enough for H. C. Wright, thus to teach children, but when he preaches the same doctrine to children of a larger growth, when he would have the great family of man live out the principles of Christian love, when he would convert the warrior into a non-resistant, the man of blood into a man of peace, we then hear it senselessly asserted that the adoption of such principles and measures would lead to confusion, anarchy and bloodshed among the larger children who claim to be men. There is food for reflection in the remark that "We whip children for fighting, and despise men for not fighting." Why is this so? Are the moral nature of little and big children different, or why are not peace men as lovely as peace children?

The Seventh of November.

It would be a happy thing for anti-politicians—and for politicians too—if this day was past, and the Presidential agony over.—Men are hardly sane now; much politics has made them mad, and reason cannot regain her empire until the election is decided.—Who will be the next President? is at this time the question of questions, the Aaron's rod which swallows up all the others, and however others may regard it, we feel it to be a mortifying fact that in a nation professing democratic equality, there is not *one* of the three candidates to whom is open the probability of success, who believes in man's inaleniable right to liberty. Yes, we repeat it, *not a single man* of the three most popular candidates, believes in the right of all men to be FREE, and to be free *now*. And yet each of them claim to be true Democrats—Taylor with his 280 slaves, Cass with his pro-slavery servility, more contemptible than slaveholding rascality, and Van Buren who favors the continuance of man-stealing in the District of Columbia. If the American people were a nation of Freemen; if they loved liberty for all and sought to bestow it upon all, would they have degraded themselves by selecting such candidates to represent their views? Never! It is because neither Whig, Democrat, ro Free Soiler understands the rights of man, that they have chosen as their respective candidates men who do not and never have advocated the right of man to be free *now*, free as God designed he should ever be when he spake him into being.

Contracts on the Sabbath.—A case was recently decided in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Chief Justice Shaw presiding, in which the validity of the Statute prohibiting secular business on the Lord's Day was fully recognized. An action was brought by J. L. Potter against E. G. Greely for a violation of a bond not to run a bread cart on his own account, or for any other person except the plaintiff, over a certain route, for a specified length of time. Greely pleaded that, though the bond was dated on a week day, it was in fact made and signed on the Lord's Day, between sunrise and sunset; and not being a work of necessity, charity, or mercy, was in contravention of the Lord's Day act, and consequently null and void.—Chief Justice Shaw decided that the bond in this case was void, because made at a time when such an act could not be legally done, and gave judgment accordingly for the defendant.—*Boston Trav.*

The above decision it appears is based on a law enacted to promote the better observance of the Sabbath. If we understand the morality of the decision, it may thus be summed up:— All contracts made on week-days must be religiously observed—if a man says he will do a thing he must do it; but if he makes a contract on the Lord's Day, if on the Sabbath he promises to perform a certain act, he need not do it, but is justified in forfeiting his word as often as he makes such contract or gives such promise. In plain English, it compels a man to act the truth in all engagements made on Monday, Tuesday &c., but politely tells him he may give the lie to all which are made on Sunday. This is morality with a vengeance!

To Correspondents.

H. N. T. The establishment inquired after is not now in operation. Shall endeavor to write soon—have long been intending to do it.

I. W. N. Will have seen ere this that the information contained in his letter has been anticipated.

H. E. S. As he is indebted on Bugle account, we have placed the $1 to his credit there.

J. Mc N. Hope to write soon. The friend queried after is much better than she has been.

A. K. F. Letter received. Books not yet come to hand. Have not heard whether they have reached C.

Sci. Am. Please forward index—the copy sent was damaged.

E. W. Have complied with the conditions. Please leave it at A. S. Office, 142, Nassau st.

Meeting at Berlin.

The meeting advertised for H. C. Wright at Berlin, is to be at Berlin, *Mahoning* Co. This statement is deemed necessary as we learn that some have supposed Berlin, *Stark* Co., to be the place designed.

Ex. Committee

Will meet on the 1st of October at the house of James Barnaby, at 2 o'clock P. M.

RECEIPTS

Will be publishee next week, when it is hoped there will be more money to acknowledge.

Henry Clay, it appears, will not consent to have his name used by his friends in connection with the Presidency; he probably considers himself politically dead, and buried beyond all hope of resurection.—Clay demonstrations are nevertheless being made in many places, and it would be no matter of surprise should his admirers insist upon fighting under his banner with or without his consent, for many of them consider that defeat with Clay would be more glorious than victory with Taylor.

Attempt to Murder.—Two of John C. Calhoun's slaves have been arrested and committed to prison, on a charge of attempting to murder his wife by putting oxalic acid in her tea.

Emancipation in Kentucky.

The reports which reach us through newspapers and private letters, in regard to the sentiment of our fellow-citizens upon the subject of emancipation, are of cheering character. Every where the minds of men are engaged in thinking more or less earnestly upon this matter, and all, since the second decisive vote upon the convention, appear to rest in the conviction that emancipation must take place, though of course there is every variety of opinion as to the time and mode. Letters from New Castle, Paris, Frankfort, and other important towns, agree in their representations of the public mind.

One thing, then, we may regard as settled, that, whatever the results of the discussion of the subject of emancipation may be, the subject is to be discussed, generally, universally, thoroughly, and within a short period.

To many persons the idea of such discussion brings only anxiety and alarm. They think it must be attended with bitterness and alienation, if not with absolute danger to the peace and safety of society. There are good and earnest minds which partake of these apprehensions, minds for which we have great respect. To such we wish to offer a few thoughts.

And, first, none of you can doubt that, whatever immediate difficulties may rise, the ultimate results of the discussion of the question of emancipation, must be good, inestimably good. That result, of course, will be freedom, universal freedom; the deliverance of our State from a system, whose influences every patriot deplores. Our State now is in bondage. It not only has slavery in its midst, but it is itself enslaved. Slavery always enslaves. Its fetters are thrown over every limb of society. Not a single social interest can escape its thraldom. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, everything pertaining to the moral or industrial prosperity, experiences its palsying influence. Freedom and life, slavery and death, are forever and inevitably associated. Now, surely, every one, who desires the prosperity and happiness of his State, must desire that social condition with which prosperity and happiness are connected, and freedom alone can produce that condition.

Supposing, then, that trials and inconveniences must be experienced in bringing about that condition, can any wise man, any patriot hesitate? Is it not better, infinitely better, boldly to meet, and calmly to bear, any present trouble, for the sake of future good, than cowardly to shrink from duty, and thereby perpetuate a fearful evil?

Undoubtedly difficulties, great difficulties, must be encountered, in solving wisely and well, the problem of emancipation; and what good was ever wrought out for society, except through labor and trial? This is the condition on which alone enduring benefits for mankind can be gained; but it is the condition which the patriot and philanthropist have always cheerfully accepted.

But, in the second place, though we admit that difficulties must be encountered in effecting the great change from slavery to freedom, yet we do not believe that those difficulties will be as great and appalling as many imagine. Let the question be approached calmly and without passion; let it be discussed as a question of interest, not for class or clique, but for all, slaveholders and non-slaveholders, rich and poor, white and black, and the trial will be far less than now apprehended. Obstacles at present deemed irremovable, will disappear, and ways to success will open, where now to the most sanguine only insurmountable barriers appear. As in the story of romance, so in real life, the wall of fire is dangerous to the timid alone; the faithful and brave pass it unharmed.

We have thus far spoken with reference only to the difficulties attending the discussion of the question of emancipation. But there is a brighter side to the subject; there are advantages as well as difficulties connected with its discussion.

The time in which the discussion is to take place, will be favorable. The Presidential election will have been decided.—The waves of the stormy sea of politics will, for awhile, be at rest, and men of all parties can meet, forgetful of the differences which divide them as politicians, remembering only the great interests which unite them as citizens and men.

And in addition to the favoring circumstances presented by the time chosen, for the consideration of this subject, there are advantages not to be overlooked in the discussion itself, of such a subject. It takes men's minds away from the worn out routine of politics and the worse than useless topics of partisan warfare. Themes worthy of men's contemplation are presented, great and ennobling thoughts are awakened. The high and sacred interests of society pass in solemn review, the claims of justice and humanity come home to the hearts of men. Especially desirable is it to the young to receive their first impulses to earnest thought from themes so vast and elevating. Minds thus impressed will not easily sink into low and selfish thoughts, nor will they voluntarily consent to become party hacks, to barter away for a mess of political pottage the immortal birthright of independence and manliness, of which every true and noble mind is conscious.

Let the young men, now coming on to the stage of active life, have their hearts warmed and their minds quickened by the gifted and powerful of our State—burning words from souls all alive with love for humanity, and our country would have a right to expect hereafter from those young men glorious lives—lives consecrated to the highest interests of society, noble, sublime. From men thus introduced into public life, we should have statesmen instead of politicians, patriots in place of partisans, and not our State only, but our country would hail their advent to the national councils with gratitude and joy.
—*Louisville Examiner.*

The New Party.

The Free Soil Movement is not the Messiah, it is hardly the Baptist, of the slave's redemption. It is a party of like passion with those it reprobates. It proposes only to limit and regulate its guilt, not to repent and put it away for ever. It abhors slavery on the Rio Grande; but it protects it on the Potomac. It will not suffer a South Carolina slave to be carried into New Mexico; but it sends one back that escapes into Massachusetts. It is resolved that the slave power shall not pass its present limits, and it suffers Wade Hampton to have, virtually, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED votes, by reason of his three thousand slaves. It will not endure that the slave population shall migrate into the new territories, while it allows the southern seas to be white with the sails of Baltimore slavers, and the land black with Virginia coffles. It sympathizes with the European movement in the direction of liberty, while it holds itself in readiness to crush with bayonet and gibbet a revolutionary rising on a southen plantation. These inconsistencies are inseparable from its position as a constitutional party. Duty to the slave is incompatible with good faith to the master. It is in vain to seek to reconcile them. The only remedy is to refuse to pledge this hideous faith to the tyrant, either in person or by proxy, and to remain free to assault his tyranny where it is most assailable. It is only as the guide to these truths that we regard the Free Soil party as the harbinger of good. There were continual intimations that they had already forced themselves on men's minds, in what dropped from the lips of many speakers. Mr. John Van Buren, himself, declared that it would be impossible to limit this agitation to the mere non-extension of slavery—that it must next attack slavery itself. The same undefined presentiment was shadowed forth by many others. This attempt to do the impossible, to abolish slavery by means of a Constitution especially contrived to protect it, and to give the masters a disproportionate, hitherto a controlling, weight in the government of the nation, must needs be made. Its necessary failure must be made palpable before the true remedy of withdrawing the countenance and support of the free States from it will be perceived and accepted. They who perceive and accept it now have only to be firm and unwavering in this new trial of apparent prosperity, and they will have their reward in the rapid ripening of the consummation they wish.—Q.—*Liberator.*

DR. Z. TAYLOR'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

We learn from the Baltimore papers that this medicine is much used in that city and with astonishing effect in curing "any unfortunate whig who may happen to be affected by a genuine attachment to the old principles of his party."

They are warranted to dispel every particle of old fashioned Whiggery from the System.

IMPORTANT CERTIFICATES.

United States Senate.

I hereby certify that the extraordinary "*spontaneous combustion*" Pills of Dr. Taylor, have in a few weeks, worked out of my blood all my former attachment for the Mexicans, and my hatred of the American Army.
TOM CORWIN.

New York.

I hereby certify that the wonderful Pills of the great Southern Slaveholder, have entirely purged out of my billious constitution all former sympathies for Abolitionism.
MILLARD FILLMORE,
Whig Candidate for Vice President.

Boston.

I hereby certify that the celebrated Pills of the great Cotton-planter of Louisiana, have relieved me of the horrible night-mare of *high tariff.* ABBOT LAWRENCE.

The afflicted will be glad to learn that those Pills can be had wholesale and retail of all the "Rough and Ready" blowers in this County, and generally throughout the State on the most liberal terms. No charge for Gas.—*Democratic Freeman, Columbia Co., N. Y.*

From the Pittsburgh Saturday Visiter.

Sale of an American Citizen.

We call attention to the article from the Gazette, about the sale of the preacher in Louisville, who was adjudged not to be a citizen of the United States, and so not entitled to protection under the Constitution.—How will Massachusetts, and the other States which recognize the colored man's right of suffrage, like this comment upon their laws? A Kentucky judge can tell them whom they may reckon citizens, and whom not! To us the idea is novel, that a man born in a country, free by the laws thereof, is not a citizen of that country. This resort of this petty tyrant is about a match for Calhoun's position, that men are not born, and only one ever was created. The judge allows free negroes may be born, but they cannot be born Americans! What next? Will the insolent, bragadocia, woman-whipping chivalry of Kentucky, who put ladies in the penitentiary for being acquainted with folks who aid the spoiled to escape from the hands of the spoiler, be permitted to sell free citizens of the North for the crime of going into one of their polluted cities, to shave their impudent faces for sixpence a piece? The State that put Miss Webster in the penitentiary for riding in the carriage with a Methodist preacher, who was aiding her slaves to regain their liberty, was well employed in selling another Methodist preacher for acting barber for them. In Kentucky Slavery exists in its mildest form—it was there in Louisville we gained our ideas of slaveholders, and found the utter impotence of language to convey any impression of their meanness. Much has been said about their cruelty and tyranny; but their mean, lousy littleness was the feature which struck us—the cowardice which induced them to threaten us with a coat of tar and feathers, for telling them they were not men, but woman-whippers,—for fear, as they said, such talk should overthrow their institutions. Just think of a set of fellows, calling themselves men, and living under the institutions they are afraid some little old woman will blow over—just think of them breaking up a barber shop and selling the barber, for fear he should subvert their glorious institutions, and teach their happy slaves to run from their Eden. We were once badly off for a girl when there, and Mr. S. mentioned it to a big loafer who used to go swaggering through the streets all day, in satin, broadcloth, fine linen and gold chains, with a cigar in his teeth. His loafership informed him with a pompous swell that *he* had a woman to hire, a first rate servant, that we could have for two hundred per annum, but added, "She would be of no use to that wife of yours, unless you would horse-whip her twice a week yourself!" How we felt to think such an animal had dared to measure our abilities for wringing unpaid toil out of the sinews of any one of God's creatures, or had the insolence to propose that our husbands should horse-whip an old woman one hundred and four times, to make her earn two hundred dollars for any idler to spend in cigars and debauchery. This is a specimen of their chivalry.—Thousands of fellows swagger round, acting the dandy, while some poor crippled old man is sawing wood, or some old woman washing to support them. If there is anything on God's green earth as mean as a Kentucky Slaveholder, it must be a similar animal in some other state. They have a cant phrase there about the meanness of "stealing cents off a *dead* nigger's eyes," but it is almost as clever to steal them out of a *living* nigger's pockets. This bounds our ideas of General Taylor. He hires a man, or a thing that looks like one, to whip old men and women, young ones and children, to make them work for him. When he was away hunting squaws and papooses in Florida, and killing women and children in Mexico, his overseer was on the banks of the Mississippi, whipping twelve hundred bales of cotton per annum, out of the unpaid laborers, whom the 'old hero' claims to own, body and soul, and who never were taught to read or write, or cypher either. Well, well, he is a beauty, and these preacher-selling chivalry, are all beauties after their kind. Every animal after its kind. The name or thought of them fills us with loathing, they are *so mean,* so little, so contemptible.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

A PREACHER IN BONDAGE—A MASTER MASON SOLD, &c.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 9, 1848.

On the 7th inst., Peter Roberts, a free man of color, a regularly licensed Methodist preacher, a member of the Indiana African Conference, and a Master Mason of the Philadelphia Lodge, was sold at public auction before the Court House door, in this city, for the term of one year. He was bought by J. L. Hyatt, for $75,50.

Roberts was arrested and carried before a Justice of the Peace, by James S. Speed, on a charge of having violated an act passed by the Legislature of Kentucky, in 1848, which prohibits free Negroes from migrating to, and remaining in the State more than thirty days; and provides that any negro who is convicted of a violation thereof, shall give bond with security in the penalty of $500, conditioned that such negro shall leave the State within ninety days, and never more return; and if he fail or refuse to give such bond, that he be sold for the term of one year, to the highest bidder.

Roberts was convicted of a violation of this act, and was ordered to give the bond, which he refused to do, and he was then ordered to be sold—whereupon, the counsel for Roberts applied to Chancellor Nicholas for a writ of prohibition, which was awarded, returnable to the Jefferson Circuit Court, arresting the order of the sale.

The case on the writ of prohibition was argued before the Hon. Wm. F. Bullick, on the 6th and 7th instants, by Messrs. Thurston and Speed for Roberts, and Messrs. Guthrie and Logan for the Justice of the Peace. Roberts filed a declaration in prohibition, alleging in substance, that he was a citizen of Indiana; that he had resided there for a number of years; and that he was, at the time he was arrested, residing with his wife and children in Jeffersonville, Indiana; that about the first of July, 1848, he had rented a barber's shop in the city of Louisville, Kentucky; that he carried on the business of a barber during the day, and crossed the river to his residence in the evening, and returned in the morning to his employment; that he was born of free parents in the State of North Carolina, and had emigrated from there to the State of Indiana a number of years ago; that he was arrested, under the act referred to, tried and convicted, and would be sold, unless the Justice was prohibited by this Court—To which the Justice pleaded the arrest, trial and conviction in bar, and the plaintiff demurred to the plea.

The grounds of the demurrer, as argued by the counsel for the plaintiff were, that the act under which the plaintiff was convicted, was in violation of the Constitution of the United States—See fourth Article, second Section—which provides that 'the Citizens of each State be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.'—The case was very ably argued on behalf of Roberts, by Messrs. Thurston and Speed, and on behalf of the Justice by Guthrie and Logan, and occupied the Court two days.

Judge Bullock decided, that the free negroes were not citizens of any State of the Union, in the sense the word Citizen was used in the Constitution of the United States. His opinion was delivered orally, and I can only give you the substance of it. He held the negro was only a sojourner in the United States, and had no guaranties under the Constitution; that he was not a party to the social compact, either of the State Governments or of the Government of the United States, that any State might drive the free negroes from their midst; that they were aliens and stangers in a strange land.

The Judge was about two hours in delivering his opinion.

Before his opinion was delivered, I was of the opinion that 'citizens,' as used in the Constitution of the United States, covered all classes and conditions of men who were born upon our soil, of free parents, and who were not aliens. But it seems that the negro born in the United States has no country. If this be true, we may do as the ancient Roman's did, make slaves of these foreigners—as they are here without protection.

It would be well if a similar case to that of Roberts was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, in order that this clause of the Constitution might be expounded.

From the Emancipator.

Human Sacrifices for Slavery.

A CONTRAST.

When we read of the sacrifice of human beings by heathen nations, on the altars of their gods, or the burning of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands, our souls are stirred within us. We pity their ignorance and superstition, we abhor their abominations, we invoke Heaven and Earth to interfere and put a stop to such absurd cruelties; and we make the most heart-stirring appeals to all christians and philanthropists, to contribute funds to send the Gospel to these poor benighted nations, that they may be taught from its pure fountains the way of life and salvation.

But let us look nearer home. Reflect a moment, upon the human sacrifices which have been laid, and are continually being laid, upon the altar of Slavery. Where one poor, ignorant heathen has been sacrificed to his country's gods, to expiate their supposed wrath, in time of national calamity, or as a bonus to propitiate their protection and favor in times of perilous undertaking—thousands, yea hundreds of thousands have been sacrificed upon slavery's altar, to gratify the insatiable lust and avarice of wicked men.

The poor heathen is actuated by a superstitious fear and reverence to his gods. He believes his religion requires this at his hands. It is a dark and fearful requirement, but fidelity to his religion, the most sacred of all motives, leads him to the sacrifice. But, who are they who have heaped their thousands upon slavery's altar? Enlightened, intelligent, and professedly Christian men! those who can see the wickedness of the heathen, who know what are the requirements of true religion, who have no ignorance that can be winked at but who are actuated solely by the most selfish, base and sordid of all motives,—the love of money, and the love of power,—and are, therefore, without excuse.

Think, if all the victims of this murderous system, which have fallen since the world began, could be presented at once to the eye, how many square miles would be covered with their bodies! How large a lake would be filled with their blood! We cannot conceive of it. The mind revolts from the horrid thought.

But let us confine the vison to modern times. Look at the wrongs done by the most enlightened and Christian nations, to the poor sons and daughters of heathen Africa. That weak, defenceless nation has bled at every pore. The strong and the mighty have made her their prey. On the side of the oppressor there is power, and there is no deliverer. What hosts of victims she has furnished for the great human slaughter house of Slavery! How deeply are we, as a nation, involved in this guilt! And yet how coldly, unfeeling, and indifferent we are, in view of our responsibilities!

Go to the peaceful villages of Africa, where, unconcious of danger, sleep the natives in happy repose. Darkness has thrown her mantle around them, like a pall of death. No voice breaks the silence. No murmur of discontent is heard, Innocence and affection embrace each other. No fear of danger, present or remote, disturbs their dreams.—But, alas! a dread fate awaits them. The slave dealer and his myrmidons approach, and surround them. The torch is applied to their dwellings. The kindling flames, fair types of Hell, writhe round their habitations, and light up with horrid glare, a prospective view of the dread fate which awaits them.—Hear the cries of despairing agony, from the wretched natives as they strive to flee. Vain effort. The Demon of slavery is there, and his fangs clutch his victims; his manacles are fastened upon their limbs, and they are driven to the coast, or left weltering in their blood.

Look at the horrors of the middle passage. The slave ship is crowded to suffocation.—Every morning the hatches are opened to disgorge the dead. The trackless deep is no longer, trackless. The path of the slave-ship is marked with blood. The "man-eater," the ravenous shark, follows in its track, and fattens on the bodies of these murdered dead. Fit copartnership! I had almost said, fit companions, are these monsters of the deep, to those human monsters who traffick in the image of God!

But surely the "lower animal," who is simply guided by instinctive appetite, should not be degraded so low, as to rank with intelligent man, who prostitutes all the talents and faculties which God has given him to distinguish him above the brute, and who preys upon his kind.

But there is another aspect of the case which demands attention, for it also speaks of our nation's guilt. Look at the Florida and Mexican wars, which were set on foot and prosecuted for the interests of slavery. Gather the dead carcases which fell by disease and the bullet, and the sword, in those two wars, and let us look at the horrid spectacle! Who slew all these? You who supported these infamous wars, either by the tongue or the pen—you who furnished the means for bloodshed—you who would vote for slavery's candidates, who have just returned from Mexico, with their garments stained with the blood of an innocent foe—you who sustain or apologize for slavery or its deeds—you are the murderers. For what were they slain? Ask slavery—ask those who would plant its bloody hoof on the free soil which we have just robbed from our sister, Mexico—ask those who would share, *in any way,* the spoils of the oppressor.

Not the innocent alone, but many who joined hands with the wicked in this vile work have fallen. Dearest friends have been sundered. Parents have mourned the loss of their sons, wives of their husbands, and children of their fathers. Oh! that the lesson taught by all this monstrous sacrifice of human life, with the bitter mourning which it has caused, might be laid to heart by every soul in the nation, and placed to the account of slavery! When will men cease to support this murderous institution?

The cries of these slaughtered victims arise before the throne of God, and call for vengeance. Their wrongs are all numbered in Heaven. The day of vengeance may be even now at the door. And yet we are called upon to extend and perpetuate this great curse! Is it not enough yet? Must we yield up more victims, from among our brothers, our friends and neighbors? Forbid it Heaven! Can we not appreciate right, and justice, and equity, or recognize iniquity, injustice and oppresson? Is it not time to act for the slave with more energy, more zeal, more perseverance, and a deeper sense of responsibility resting upon us Who would not abolish slavery, if he could but feel its horrors? Would you vote slavery upon yourselves, your wives, your children? Why vote it upon the black man? His God is your God. That God is no respecter of persons. With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

Do not forget the slave. Three millions of slaves in America, consigned to living death and torture! Horrible thought? Think of their groans and sighs, their anguish and woes, their miseries beyond conception. How many pine in despair! how many hearts bleed! how many eat and drink, in the deepest despondency, in view of their wretchedness and sufferings. Their visions of the future present nothing but the continued darkness of that thick night of slavery, whose curtains of blackness hang about them.—Scenes of unrequited toil, of unmerited suffering, and the sundering of all earthly ties, are never present to the mind. No ray of light, nor dawning of hope gladdens the souls, and no prospect of relief presents itself but in death. No wonder that they look forward to the time when they shall "be at rest with kings, counsellors of the earth," in that place where, it is said, "The small and the great are there; and the servants is free from his master;" "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and where" even "the weary" slave "shall be at rest."

Let the cries of the slave be ever sounding in your ears. Whether at home or abroad, in the work-shop, the field, or the house of God, remember those in bonds, as bound with them. When you retire to rest, think of his miserable lodgings. When you partake of God's bounties, forget not his scanty fare, his peck of corn per week, or his ragged clothing. When you are educating your children, think how the light of knowledge is shut out from his soul, and all the avenues of his mind are darkened. When you attend upon the services of religion, think what a miserable, abominable caricature of religion is held up to him, as the object of his soul's greatest good; and when you bow before your God in prayer, beware, lest the prayers of the slave, for God's vengeance, come up like a thick cloud, and cut off all intercourse between you and your Maker.

Surely there is blood-guiltiness on this nation. Who will atone for it? Who will be made to suffer the just retributions of Heaven? Who will avert God's judgments?—Shall the innocent suffer forever, and the guilty, who cause him to suffer, escape?

Where are our churches and clergy?—What are they doing to enlighten the people, or teach them their duty? Let them open their mouths for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Let them cry aloud, and spare not, until our rulers shall rule in righteousness, and the people shall do justly, in the fear of God;—until slavery and oppression of every kind shall be abolished, and righteousness shall run down our streets like a river.

From the Cincinnati Globe.

Colorphobia.

In the Supreme Court of Tennessee in 1843 there came up for adjudication the following case, to wit: Frederick, a slave of Col. Patton, of the North Carolina line, with his master's consent, enlisted and fought through the war of the Revolution. It seems that on the 8th day of August 1821, as Frederick's name was found on the muster roll, a warrant was issued, giving him the soldier's bounty of 1000 acres of land. The question before the court was, whether that thousand acres of land belonged to Frederick or his master.

The decision of Judge Catron is in these words: "Frederick, the slave of Col. Patton, earned this warrant by his services in the Continental line. What is earned by the slave belongs to the master by the common law, the civil law, and the recognized rules of property in the Slaveholding States of this Union." Of course the land went, *not to Frederick, but to the heirs of Col. Patton.*

To the "fanatical" this seems to be a rather hard case. But then Frederick was a black man and a slave, and as that class of persons are supposed to possess no right to run away from slavery to liberty, I suppose he had no right to fight for liberty—at any rate, I presume the decision of Judge Catron, according to the slave code is correct.

"The law allows it, and the court awards it."

This case is cited now, however, chiefly for the purpose of calling public attention to another and somewhat similar case of recent occurrence.

A man who had volunteered to go to Mexico in Nov. 1846—and who had been there ever since, and fought well and bravely, in all or nearly all the principal battles, applied at the office in this city for his discharge and warrant for the one hundred and sixty acres of land, given to all the returned volunteers.

The officer proceeded to fill up the usual printed form—describing the man as having light hair and eyes, &c., &c.; but before he got through, he in some way made the discovery that the poor fellow was so unfortunate as to have negro blood in his veins, whereupon he erased from the discharge the words "honorably discharged," and refused to give the warrant for the land, stating in writing as his reason for such a course, that the man was a negro. His fellow soldiers it seems had never made the discovery.

From the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

"INDEMNITY FOR THE PAST AND SECURITY FOR THE FUTURE."

This pompous phrase was invented, we believe, by President James K. Polk, ingeniously apolegetic of his nefarious war upon the Mexicans; a bold "stop thief" assumption that "indemnity for making war upon them was a most righteous demand, and security for the future" to come after, some how or other—probably hiring them to be quiet. Well; by the exercise of the tremendous one-man power which the Constitution places at the discretion (or indiscretion) of the President, and by transcending the legal power by assuming that of the House of Representatives also, he went to work with the whole military, naval and monied resources of the country, to look after his expected *Indemnity* and *Security.* He had 40,000 men amply supplied with all the munitions of war, an hundred millions of dollars, more or less, the skill and experience of the ablest officers in *our* service at his command (not to mention the aid of Santa Anna.) What is the result? He has lost one half of his 40,000 men by battle and fell disease; he has killed twice as many Mexicans, on their own soil, around their own homes; he has marched into a dozen cities or so, till, after crushing all armed opposition, he sends his Mr. Trist, and Mr. Sevier, and Mr. Clifford, to send home in disgrace the Generals who have fought his battles, and make a treaty—a treaty "looking two ways of a Sunday" for *that* "*indemnity.*" At last the treaty is made, sent back to the United States, arrives at Washington, is endorsed by James K. Polk, is published—and, dear citizen! is it *indemnity* that he's been after!—and has he got *security?* Faith! he just has! But, "My Gracious!" as Mr. Bunker would say, what a way to *get* indemnity! The treaty provides that the United States shall pay to Mexico TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS (*Indemnity!*) and agrees that the United States troops shall protect them from the incursions of hostile Indians. (*Security.*)

The operation reminds us of "Skip" and the Woodchuck: A farmer found a Woodchuck's hole, and desiring the hide of the animal, he called his little dog Skip, and says he "Skip, *seek him—go down there!—drag him out!*" Skip, with a yelp, plunged into the hole, and was soon engaged in a desperate conflict with the rightful occupant; the farmer meanwhile was down on his knees at the entrance of the hole, ejaculating, "Bite him, Skip!—take hold of him!—*Bring him out!*" And from the cessation of the fighting and tugging, it did appear as though Skip was bringing him up—but on coming up to the light, the farmer sprang to his feet and cried out, "*By thunder! the Woodchuck's got Skip!*"

WHAT GEN. TAYLOR NEVER DID.

We take the following summary of Gen. Taylor's *no-deeds* from the Boston Atlas:

"Gen. Taylor never chewed tobacco—never drank any rum—never smoked a segar—never owed any man a cent—never was sued—never sued any man himself—never was dunned—never dunned any body—never lost a battle, and never surrendered."

Without stopping to inquire how many of these *no-deeds* are fictions, and half of them, at least, are such, we are inclined to try *our* hand at extending the list. Here goes:

Gen. Taylor never voted in his life—never was voted for—never held a civil office—never pledged himself to carry out Whig principles—never uttered a word in behalf of human freedom—never emancipated one of the three hundred men, women and children, held by him in brutal bondage—never evinced the first qualification for any civil office,—never distinguished himself but in a war for the extension of slavery—never fought a battle for the right—never declined to battle for the wrong—and never showed the least fear of God or regard for man.—*Boston Republican.*

A Remarkable Character.

The Mobile Herald gives the following sketch of the life of Pierre Chastang, a free colored man who died in that city a few days ago:—

We hastily announced on Tuesday the death of Major Pierre Chastang He was so remarkable a man in many respects, that a brief sketch of his life will, we are sure, interest many of our readers, and, perhaps, have a beneficial influence upon his own caste. Pierre was born in 1779, and was consequently 69 years old at his death. He was the slave of Jean Chastang, and in 1810 or '11 became the property of Regest Bernody.

During the Indian war, the time General Jackson was in command of the troops in this city, Pierre, then known to the citizens as a brave, honest, trust worthy man, was appointed by Jackson patroon, or captain of a government transport, to carry provisions to the troops stationed at Fort Montgomery, or Fort Mims, and to those in camp near the present site of Mount Vernon. The undertaking was perilous, as at the time the whole country was infested with hostile Indians, and but few persons could be found to take charge of an exdedition attended with so great a risk of life. Pierre was, however, successful, and reached the troops in safety, with a supply of provisions, &c.

In 1819, during the ravages of the yellow fever, Pierre rendered essential service to the city by taking care of the sick, and protecting the property of its citizens. He and one or two other persons were compelled to act as nurse and sexton. The sickness and mortality was so great that it was difficult to have the patients properly cared for—three, four and five bodies were taken at a time in a cart, and deposited in a pit. As a matter of course, all who could get away precipitately fled from the pestilence, leaving their property in charge of Pierre.

He daily opened the stores for the purpose of ventilation and securing the goods from damage. On the return of the merchants in the fall, they found every thing safe, and as some appreciation of his services and honesty, a subscription was at once taken up for his emancipation, also to purchase him a horse and dray. Since that period his avocation as a drayman has enabled him to support his family handsomely, and at the same time amass a snug little property.

Pierre, until within a year or two past, enjoyed throughout his long life uninterrupted health, and always seemed happy and contented. No person in this community, white or black, was ever more highly esteemed or respected, and no one in his sphere has been a more conspicuous, honest, benevolent and upright man. He always acted on the golden rule of doing unto others as he would be done by.

ILLNESS OF MR. PHILLIPS.

Many of our readers are aware of the severe and dangerous illness which has recently threatened the life of Wendell Phillips; and all will be rejoiced to hear that its violence is abated and his condition now considered safe, if no unfortunate change takes place. He was spending the summer at the house of Loring Moody, when he was seized with the epidemic dysentery, which has been so fatal along that coast and in other places, this season. For ten days or a fortnight his case was of the most critical kind, and his danger most imminent.

Nothing but the most assiduous care which strong affection only can produce could have saved him. Such care he had, and by its means, we trust that a life so valuable and so dear is to be given yet longer to the hearts of his friends and to the hopes of humanity. Q.—*Liberator 22d.*

DIED,

On the 25th, of 9th month, 1848. ISRAEL THOMAS, son of Eli and Elizabeth Thomas, in the 32nd. year of his age. The deceased labored under a pulmonary affection, and Indulged in the fond hope of a speedy recovery, so characteristic of that disease; but when informed of the reality of his situation, he received the information with calmness and resignation. His expression was "LET ME GO." His bereaved Parents, Brothers and Sisters mourn the loss of a kind Son and an affectionate Brother. Their expression is "SON, BROTHER, REST IN PEACE."

MEETING AT COOL SPRING.

Isaac and Jane M. Trescott will attend a meeting at Cool Spring meeting house, on Sunday, 15th October, commencing at ten o'clock.

Friends of Peace.

The anniversary of the Western Peace Society, will be held at RICHFIELD Summit Co. on the 14th & 15th of October next at 10 o'clock A. M.

It is hoped that the friends of peace and universal Brotherhood, will feel the importance of attendance at this meeting. The world and the Church still worship at the shrine of bloody Mars, they still pay homage to the warrior and destroyer. It is for you to say whether they shall do so in ignorance; whether the light of the Gospel of God shall shine upon their souls.

HENRY C. WRIGHT and other speakers will be present on the occasion.

J. W. WALKER, *Pres't.*
J. F. SMALLEY, Sec'ry.

P. S. Will the friends at Richfield make the necessary arrangements.

Peace Meetings.

H. C. WRIGHT will hold Peace meeting at

Berlin,	1st	Oct.
Limaville, Stark County,	2nd.	"
Edinburgh, Portage Co.,	3rd.	"
Charlestown " "	4th.	"
Streetsborough " "	5th.	"
Brimfield, " "	6th.	"
Randolph, " "	8th.	"
Middle Branch, P. O. Stark County,	9th.	"
Magadore,	11 & 12th.	"

All the above will Commence at 2 o'clock P. M. except the meeting at Randolph which will begin at 10 o'clock A. M.

Books! Books!

An assortment of Anti-Slavery and some other reformatory books can be obtained at the meetings of Henry C. Wright. Among the rest

DICK CROWNINGSHIELD,
THE ASSASSIN,
AND ZACHARY TAYLOR,
THE SOLDIER,
The Difference between them.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

can be had. This Tract should be scattered broadcast over the country, as well as many other Books and Tracts comprising the assortment.

MORE NEW BOOKS.

Just received from New York and Philadelphia, among a great variety of school and miscellaneous books,

Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Keightly's History of England, a New and Superior work, in two vols.

Baldwin's Pronouncing Gazetteer.

Bolle's Phonographic Pronouncing Dictionary.

Wood and Bache's U. S. Dispensatory.

Davis's Revelations, "the Most Remarkable Book of the Age." &c., &c.

Blank Books of every description.

Papeteries of all kinds, such as lace edged, gilt, and embossed note papers, fancy envelopes, motto wafers, visiting cards, perforated board, perforated cards, &c. Fine cap and post papers, pens, ink, pencils. Paints (toy and fine.) Crayons, drawing pencils, drawing paper, tissue paper. In short, a complete assortment of stationary.

All for sale low at the
SALEM BOOKSTORE.
June 19th, 1848. tf

POETRY.

From the New Albany (Ind.) Bulletin.

My Hoosier Home.

They tell me that the city's gay,
Here beauty reigns supreme,
That life's best gems are cast away
Upon a stagnant stream,
Unless we move in fashion's throng,
In a brilliant, heartless crowd,
Share sumptuous feasts, and merry song,
With the thoughtless and the proud.
Oh, carry me back to my Hoosier home,
Where Ohio's gentle tide
Passes along by my Hoosier home,
On the Indiana side.

I know its banks are wild and rude.
But the light bird's mystic strain
Woos me back to the solitude
Of its dark, dark woods again;
I catch its notes in the willow tree,
As it springs from its tiny nest,
Its wings are bright, unfettered, free
As the wild winds of the west.
Oh, carry me back to my Hoosier home,
Where Ohio's swelling tide
Passes along by my Hoosier home,
On the Indiana side.

There voices come like music sweet,
And the beautiful human face
Is bright with hope; and there I meet
Kind smiles of winning grace.
In dreams of love I greet them still,
Yet truth will bring to mind,
That nothing here the heart can thrill
Like the loved one left behind.
Oh carry me back to my Hoosier home,
Where the calm Ohio's tide
Passes along by my Hoosier home.
On the Indiana side.

My spirit sighs, though pleasure smiles,
And seeks to steal my care.
I heed not her seductive wiles,
For my thoughts are ever where
The sweetest flowers diffuse their bloom,
And the mild moon's softest beam
Lies bright and deep 'mid forest gloom,
In Ohio's murmuring stream.
Oh, carry me back to my Hoosier home,
Where clear Ohio's tide.
Murmurs along by my Hoosier home,
On the Indiana side.

The gaudy palace and costly dome,
Like magic seem to me,
Yet my heart flies back to my Hoosier
Home,
Like a bird to its native tree,
Oh, carry me back to that spot so dear,
The city I know is gay.
But give to me, the live long year,
My cottage far away.
Oh, carry me back to my Hoosier home,
Where Ohio's gentle tide
Passes along by my Hoosier home,
On the Indiana side

New York City, 1848. A. M. C.

From the Washingtonian.

Keep it Before the People.

BY DUGGANNE.

"Keep it before the people!"
That the earth was made for man;
That flowers were strown,
And fruits were grown,
To bless and never to ban!
That sun and rain,
And corn and grain
Are yours and mine, my brother;
Free gifts from Heaven,
And freely given
To one, as well as another!

"Keep it before the people!"
That man is the image of God,
Whose limbs or soul
Ye may not control
With shackle, or shame, or rod!
We may not be sold
For silver or gold,
Neither you nor I, my brother;
For freedom was given
By God from Heaven,
To one, as well as another!

"Keep it before the people!"
That famine, and crime, and woe
Forever abide
Still side by side
With luxury's dazzling show;
That Lazarus crawls
From Dives' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother;
Yet life was given
By God from Heaven.
To one, as well as another!

"Keep it before the people!"
That the laborer claims his meed—
The right of soil
And the right of toil,
From spur and bridle freed—
The right to bear,
And the right to share
With you and me, my brother.
What ever is given
By God from Heaven,
To one, as well as another.

A Word.

BY JONES VERY.

The silent history of a word,
Borne on Time's stream along,
Has never yet been sung or heard;
It asks the voice of song.

'Twas born from out the soul's calm deep,
Smit by the chastening rod;
As Eve flesh formed from Adam's sleep,
Touched by the hand of God.

It wandered o'er the unyielding earth,
By war and famine worn;
A stranger seen of unknown birth,
Through night a child of morn.

'Twas welcomed in the lowly cot,
'Twas heard in kingly hall;
And men their arms and strife forgot,
In listening to its call.

It told of peace that would not fail—
Of love that could not die;
'Twas felt beneath the warrior's mail;
It dried the mourner's eye.

I looked along the path it took;
As told by legends old,
Repeated oft from book to book,
It shone like shining gold.

A furrow through earth's barren fields
Ploughed deep and down with care;
But none to notice what it yields,
Or in its harvest share.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Home Education.

A STORY OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

"Come, Kitty, you must stir about lively to day—there is baking to do, the front to clean and dinner to get, besides a host of other things; and after all's done we want you to take the children to the square for a couple of hours this afternoon."

"Yes ma'am, I'll try to get through in time, though I don't feel quite as smart as common this morning, as I was up so late last night ironing."

"Now, Kitty," said Mrs. Makedoo, "that's the very time to work, when you don't feel like it—make that a rule through life, and you will always find yourself doing what you don't like to; it will be such a satisfaction to know how much you can accomplish in that way."

"The dear knows," said Kitty, I've had to practice that hard rule from necessity long enough; but what shall I do about bringing down the breakfast tray, as Miss Araminta has not breakfasted yet."

"So she hasn't, Kitty, and I guess I might as well run up and wake her now, as it's ten o'clock. Poor thing, she came home so late last night from the party, that I told her to sleep as long as she could this morning. I really wonder if the dear girl ever gets well rested. I'll go and see if she wants her toast and coffee in her room."—With these remarks the doating mother ascended the staircase on her errand of inquiry.

In the meantime Kitty makes a loud and impatient music with her pots and kettles, and thus soliloquises: "Yes, baking to do, dinner to get, the front to clean, it's all mighty easy talking; then when my fine lady gets up she's got to be waited on; very likely she'll send me on some errand to the milliner's, and when I come back she'll want a dress pressed in a minute or two to walk out in. Yes, Kitty can do it, it's nothing for Kitty; but I guess if she had Kitty's weak back and tired feet, she'd lay abed a week, and send me for the doc——"

"Kitty!" screamed her mistress at the top of her voice from the head of the stairs.

"Ma'am."

"Are there any eggs in the house?"

"No ma'am, (there it is again—now I just wonder what they want with eggs this time of day!"

"Step out somewhere, Kitty and buy a few; Araminta thinks she could eat one on her toast"

"Yes, ma'am—but how shall I leave the bread that's just ready to bake?"

"Oh! be right quick, Kitty, and the bread won't suffer.

Away went the distracted housemaid for the eggs; and when she returned she cooked one and took it up to the young lady's room, where she had the satisfaction of hearing from that individual that it wasn't half done, and more than that, she had waited so long that her appetite was all gone, and she could not bear the sight of it.

Well, after much labor, the work was pretty much through with, and dinner served at the usual hour. Araminta managed, with *the help of her mother, to dress herself*, and thereby was enabled to make her appearance in the dining-room, with her heavy blue eyes and dress to match, about the time of her father's entrance. Her appetite being unusually good, she contrived to smell a bit of roast-beef, and succeeded in eating three Lima beans, after gracefully taking the skin off of each one. "Pa." said she very languidly, "I heard some one at the party last night speaking of a delightful ghost story—Hamlet, I believe, is the man who saw the specter—and do wish you would get it for me; if it is in two volumes you needn't mind about it though, as I should never get time to read it. Who knows but what it is as interesting as Dombey?"

"It would not be to you," replied the father, very gravely.

"Then don't trouble yourself about it Pa. You know my taste, and can easily judge; but I do wish another number of Dombey would come—I'm so anxious to know if sweet Florence has heard from her beau Walter Gay, and if he ever intends to come back again. Where was it he went, Pa—to Mexico?"

"Mexico—fiddlesticks child!—no, he went to the Indies, and I know where I have a mind to send you!"

"O where, Pa? This is delightful weather for travelling!"

"To school," replied her impatient father; "for you mortify me to death with your stupidity. However, your mother tells me tomorrow will be your eighteenth birth-day, and I suppose you will expect a handsome present. Now as you have an idea of getting married before a great while, 'tis quite time you understand the practical part of housekeeping, and my gift to you shall be either a good-sized broom or a scrubbing-brush, which I shall insist on your using."

But Araminta had fainted before the conclusion of his sentence.

"Only see what you have done!" exclaimed his wife, as she ran in haste to her daughter's assistance.

"Don't disturb yourself," said her husband, "she has only fainted, and I'll warrant she comes to in time for this evening's concert. If she would take more healthful exercise, she would hardly stop the circulation at so short a notice;" and with this consoling speech, Mr. Makedoo went to his counting house. Kitty was called again to bring the cologne bottle and fan from Araminta's room, beside other jobs, which left little time for the kitchen department; but by dint of hard labour and perseverance, she found time to take the children a-walking, and then hurried home to get supper.

At the tea-table. Mr. Makedoo said the bread was sour. The blame as usual rested on Kitty, who was immediately summoned to account for it. When she made her appearance, she gave a piteous detail of the morning—how she had to do so many errands after the bread was all ready for baking that she could not help it.

Her mistress said that was no excuse whatever, as she might have hurried home more than she did, and then the bread would have been sweet and good.

Mr. Makedoo looked frowningly at his wife and daughter, "Susan" said he to the former, "if Araminta had at least been taught to wait on herself a little, and give some slight assistance in the house, Kitty would not thus be imposed on, as it is, you have absolutely ruined your child; yet, if you would dress her less foolishly and expensively, you would find yourself able to keep more help on your own account."

His wife put her laced pocket handkerchief to her eyes, and his daughter was looking for a convenient place in which to swoon, and for fear of another scene, the unhappy husband and father left the apartment.

Mrs. Makedoo went below to give that lazy Kitty, as she termed her, a complete blowing up—"it seems to me, Kitty, you complain a great deal about nothing—pray where did you live before you came here?"

The poor girl being fairly roused, replied that she lived with Mrs. Harris, who was something like a lady, and never expected too much from her.

"I used to know her very well—pray, why did you leave her?"

"Because her oldest daughter had left school, and she said she wished her to learn to work; but while there was so much help in the house, she hadn't half a chance; so as Nancy the other girl had been longer there than I had, she sent me away with kind words and useful presents."

"I can't think," answered Mrs. Makedoo, "that Mrs. Harris would do so ungenteel a thing as to oblige her daughter to do housework, and I'll call there soon, and find out for myself."

True to her word, Mrs. Makedoo called to see Mrs. Harris on the following Tuesday, and Lucy Harris, the eldest daughter, answered the bell, which somewhat shocked, her ideas of "propriety."—"Why Lucy, dear," she said, "how flushed you look—have you had a fever, or what is the matter?"

Lucy, radiant with health and good humor, said she was entirely well, but had been ironing all the morning, and as Nancy was sweeping the third story, she told her she would tend to the bell in her absence.

Mrs. Harris now entered the parlor, and Lucy, after excusing herself, returned to her work.

"How do you do, my dear Susan," said Mrs. Harris, cordially extending her hand to her welcome guest.

"I am very well, I thank you Mary."

"And how is Araminta and the children?"

"Oh dear, the children are well but troublesome, as usual, though I don't know much about them. Araminta is often dull and has no appetite at all. Poor thing, as Mrs. Chick said of old Dombey's first wife, I fear she will never be able to make an effort.—it is hardly worth while to ask after Lucy, she looks so very rosy, almost too much so for my taste—by the way, I heard from my Kitty that you had put her to work, and one reason of my calling was to know the truth of it. Have you really done such an out-of-the-way thing?"

"I am very happy to answer in the affirmative, Susan. When she left school her occupation seemed gone, she became listless and languid; her appetite left her; and in our anxiety we consulted a physican in regard to her health. He told us the best thing for her was daily and regular exercise, though moderately at first until her strength could bear more So after Mr. Harris and myself had talked the matter over, I dismissed one of the girls, and went hand in hand for a while with Lucy to encourage her.—She now makes all the beds in the house before breakfast, sweeps the chambers occasionally, always helps iron the clothes, and frequently assists in cooking; you must drink tea with us soon and taste some of her bread, it is so delicious."

"But don't she dress herself in her best and walk out every afternoon?—my Araminta could not live without that."

"She is always neat in her dress, but seldom walks out merely for a promenade. She is interested in every household department, and has sufficient exercise in doors for her health. Her appetite and spirits are both good, and we are glad we had firmness to make her useful and happy; her needle too, is not idle, as I am frequently indebted to her for much assistance with the children's garments."

"What will Araminta think of all this?" said Mrs. Makedoo; "why Mary, we only keep one girl, though I often think there's enough work in the house for two; but it never entered my head to call on my daughter for help. Dear me, she is the one most waited on in the whole family."

"I hope you will be encouraged, Susan, to do as I have done, and bestow a little of the care on her your mother bestowed on you; for fashionable as you have become, you cannot disguise the truth that you were taught to work as well as me. Do you remember, when we lived neighbors in the country, the many useful lessons our mothers gave us? And when our present husbands courted our favor, do you suppose they thought the less of us for being industrious?"

"It is different in a city, Mary."

"The difference, Susan, is only in our own minds, and arises from a false pride.—I have chosen to stick to my first principles. believing it will save my child much unhappiness in future. The fate of nations depends in a great measure on a mother's training; and parents cannot be too much alive to their great responsibilities. I beg you will consider this subject deeply, and pray for right and wisdom to guide you."

Mrs. Makedoo had listened in silence.—Then her thoughts went back to her childhood's home, beautiful and refreshing to her memory, as to herself, when her innocent thoughts and childish sports had made an Eden of that secluded spot, when the gay song of the early birds awakened her from health-breathing slumber, and she arose with the dawn light-hearted and happy, to perform her daily duties—trifling they were, perhaps, in reality, but rendered important and regularly exacted by a mother anxious for a daughter's welfare, and ever watchful to direct her youthful footsteps in the way that brings peace here and happiness in the world to come—alas! where stood she now? It seemed as if all those early lessons and sweet lessons had been buried in the grave of her departed mother. The rank weeds had come up and smothered the young buds of promise—how, thought she have I fulfilled the trust towards the immortal soul committed to my care. The ways of high life in a fashion-bound city have blinded my judgment and better knowledge; my child has grown up beneath my eye ignorant of all that truly enobles and exalts our natures—vanity and love of dress the only aim of her existence.

"'Tis too late now, Mary," said Mrs. Makedoo, as she rose in haste to take her departure; "'tis too late to undo the deep injury I have done my daughter; If she lives she will have plenty of trouble like the rest of us; and in her hours of trial she will, perhaps, and justly too, blame her mother for not teaching her better how to meet and how to bear it. I will go home and talk to my husband; I know his heart will gladden at the prospect of reform in this matter; he will encourage me to do what is yet in the power of Araminta—and I promise you, my dear Mary; to try and take the rest of my children in good season for their improvement."

Mothers, who read this, go ye and do likewise.

From the Prisoners Friend.

The Death Penalty.

BY REV. THEADORE PARKER.

It makes me shudder to recollect that out of twenty-eight States of this Union twenty-seven should still continue the Gallows as a part of the furniture of a Christian government.* I hope our own State—dignified already by so many noble acts—will soon rid herself of the stain. Let us try the experiment of abolishing this penalty, if we will for twenty years, or ten—and I am confident we shall never return to that punishment.—If a man be incapable of living in society, so ill-born or ill-bred that you cannot cure or mend him—why hide him away out of society. Let him do no harm, and treat him kindly, not like a wolf but a man. Make him work to be useful to himself, to society, but do not kill him. Or if you do, never say again, "Forgive us our tresspasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." What if he should take you at your word?—What would you think of a father who tomorrow should take the Old Testament for his legal warrant and birng his son before your Mayor and Aldermen because he was "stubborn and rebellious, a drunkard and a glutton," and they should stone him to death in front of the City Hall? But there is as good a warrant in the Old Testament for that as for hanging a man. The law is referred to Jehovah as its author. Is not society the father of us all—our Protector—our Defender? How much better is it to choke the life out of a man behind a prison wall? Hanging is vengeance; nothing but vengeance. I can readily conceive of that Great Son of Man, whom the loyal world so readily adores, performing all needful human works with manly dignity. Artists once loved to paint the Savior in the lowly toil of lowly men, his garments covered with the dust of common life; his soul sullied by no pollution. But paint him to your fancy as an executioner; legally killing a man; the halter in his hands hanging Judas for high treason! You see the relation which that punishment bears to Christianity. Yet what was unchristian in Jesus does not become Christian in the Sheriff. We call ourselves Christians; we often repeat the name, the words of Christ,—But his prayer? oh no—not that.

There are now in this land I think sixteen men under sentence of death; sixteen men to be hanged until they are dead! Is there not in this nation skill to heal these men?—Perhaps 'tis so. I have known hearts which seemed to me cold stones; so hard, so dry.—No kindly steel had alchemy to win a spark from them. Yet their owners went about the streets and smiled their hollow smiles; the ghastly brother cast his shadow in the sun, or wrapped his cloak about him in the wintry hour, yet the world went on, though the worst of men remained unchanged. Perhaps you cannot cure these men; to make them useful? Shame on us that we know no better than thus to pour out life upon the dust, and then with reeking hands turn to the poor and weak and say "YE shall not die."

A Turkish Bath.

THE last good description of a Turkish bath, I think, was Lady Mary Wortly Montague's, which voluptuous picture must have been painted at least a hundred and thirty years ago, so that another sketch may be attempted by a humbler artist in an different manner. The Turkish bath is certainly a novel sensation to an Englishman, and may be set down as the most queer and surprising event of his life. I made the valet de place or dragoman (it is rather a fine thing to have a dragoman in one's service) conduct me forthwith to the best appointed hummums in the neighborhood; and we walked to a house at Tophana, and into a spacious hall lighted from above, which is the cooling room of the bath.

The spacious hall has a large fountain in the midst, a painted gallery running round it; and many ropes stretched from one gallery to another, ornamented with profuse draparies of towels and blue cloths, for the use of the frequenters of the place. All round the room and the galleries were matted enclosures, fitted with numerous neat beds and cushions for reposing on, where lay a dozen of true believers smoking, or sleeping, or in the happy half-dozing state. I was led up to one of these beds to rather a retired corner, in consideration of my modesty; and to the next bed presently came a dancing dervish, who forthwith began to prepare for the bath.

When the dancing dervish had taken off his yellow sugar-loaf cap, his gown, shawl, &c., he was arrayed in two large blue cloths; a white one being thrown over his shoulders, and another in the shape of a turban plaited neatly round his head; the garments of which he divested himself were folded up in another linen, and neatly put by. I beg leave to state I was treated in precisely the same manner as the dancing dervish.

The reverend gentleman then put on a pair of wooden pattens, which elevated him about six inches from the ground—and walked down the stairs, and paddled across the moist marble floor of the hall, and in at a little door, by the which also Titmarsh, entered. But I had none of the professional agility of the dancing dervish; I staggered about very ludicrously upon the high wooden pattens; and should have been down on my nose several times, had not the dragoman and the master of the bath supported me down the stairs and across the hall. Dressed in three large cotton napkins, with a white turban round my head, I thought of Pall Mall with a sort of despair. I passed the little door, it was closed behind me—I was in the dark—I couldn't speak the language—in a white turban; Mon Dieu! what was going to happen?

The dark room was the tepidarium, a moist oozing arched den, with a light faintly streaming from an orifice in the domed ceiling.—Yells of frantic laughter and song came booming and clanging through the echoing arches, the doors clapped to with loud reverberations. It was the laughter of the followers of Mahound, frolicking and taking their pleasure in the public bath. I could not go into that place; I swore I would not; they promised me a private room, and the dragoman left me. My agony at parting from that Christian cannot be described.

When you get into the Sudarium, or hot room, your first sensations only occur about half a minute after entrance, when you feel that you are choking. I found myself in that state, seated on a marble slab; the bath man was gone; he had taken away the cotton turban and shoulder shawl; I saw I was in a narrow room of marble, with a vaulted roof, and a fountain of warm and cold water; the atmosphere was in a steam, the choking sensation went off, and I felt a sort of pleasure presently in a soft boiling simmer, which, no doubt, potatoes feel when they are steaming. You are left in this state for about ten minutes; it is warm, certainly, but odd and pleasant, and disposes the mind to reverie.

But let any delicate mind in Baker street, fancy my horror, when, on looking up out of this reverie, I saw a great brown wretch extended before me, only half-dressed, standing on pattens, and exaggerated by them and the steam until he looked like an ogre, grinning in the most horrible way, and waving his arm, on which was a horse-hair glove. He spoke in his unknown nasal jargon, words which echoed through the arched room; his eye seemed astonishingly large and bright, his ears stuck out, and his head was all shaved, except a bristling top-knot, which gave it a demoniac fierceness.

This description, I feel, is growing too frightful; ladies who read it will be going into hysterics, or saying, "Well, upon my word, this is the most singular, the most extraordinary kind of language. Jane, my love, you will not read that odious book"—and so I will be brief. This grinning man belabors the patient most violently with the horse-brush. When he has completed the horse-hair part, and you lie expiring under a squirting fountain of warm water, and fancying all is done, he reappears with a large brass basin, containing a quantity of lather, in the midst of which is something like old Miss MacWhirter's flaxen wig that she is so proud of, and that we have all laughed at. Just as you are going to remonstrate, the thing like the wig is dashed into your face and eyes, covered over with soap and for five minutes you are drowned in lather; you can't see, the suds are frothing over your eyeballs; you can't hear, the soap is whizzing into your ears; you can't gasp for breath, Miss Mac Whirter's wig is down your throat with half a pail full of suds in an instant—you are all soap. Wicked children in former days have jeered you, exclaiming, "How are you off for soap?" You little knew what saponacity was till you entered a Turkish bath.

When the whole operation is concluded, you are led—with what heartfelt joy I need not say—softly back to the cooling-room, having been robed in shawls and turbans as before. You are laid gently on the reposing bed; somebody brings a narghile, which tastes as tobacco must taste in Mahomet's Paradise; a cool sweet dreamy langour takes possession of the purified frame; and half an hour of such delicious laziness is spent over the pipe as is unknown in Europe, where vulgar prejudice has most shamefully maligned indolence, calls it foul names, such as the father of all evil, and the like; in fact, does not know how to educate idleness as these honest Turks do, and the fruit which, when properly cultivated, it bears.

The after-bath state is the most delightful condition of laziness I ever knew, and I tried it wherever we went afterwards on our little tour. At Smyrna the whole business was much inferior to the method employed in the capital. At Cairo, after the soap, you are plunged into a sort of stone coffin, full of water, which is all but boiling. This has its charms; but I could not relish the Egyptian shampooing. A hideous old blind man (but very dexterous in his art) tried to break my back and dislocate my shoulders, but I could not see the pleasure of the practice; and another fellow began tickling the soles of my feet, but I rewarded him with a kick that sent him off the bench. The pure idleness is the best, but I shall never enjoy such in Europe again.—*Journey to Cairo.*

A Thrilling Adventure.

I had never shot a peacock, and the sportsman's lust overcoming both the miser's greed and the prudent man's caution, I started up from the voluptuous rest into which I had fallen, and was deep in the thick mazes of an undeniable though not thick forest ere I felt convinced that this was the principal quarter prohibited by my guide. I had twice raised the gorgeous bird, and twice fired in vain, when, as I was entering a narrow ravine, over which it had passed, and through which ran a little thread of water, my eyes became all at once riveted on certain marks in the sandy soil, the unmistakeable *bugh-ka-pun-ja*, the traces of a checta's feet. Knowing that the leopard and panther frequent the deepest dells, making their dens in such cool retreats as are likely to furnish water as well as shade, I resolved on instant return; but had not retraced my way forty paces ere a growl in the advance startled me into the certainty of near and immediate danger. Before me, in almost the very track I had come, and glaring through the accacia bushes, I saw a pair of fiery globes, the eyes of the crouching peril, whilst lashing its tail, it gave, in truth, "dread note of preparation." I was, as nearly as I could calculate, within two springs of it. My manton was loaded, but not with ball: to my right was an open space, leading to a few scattered *kaveet*, or wood-apple trees, between which and me the ground seemed to have been recently broken up for several yards, for it was here and there cut up, divested of turf, the grass lying about, while leaves and branches were strewed over all. A glance was sufficient to convince me that, if attainable, my post of defence would be the bole of the nearest, which was also the largest tree; but, almost despairing of reaching it before the checta made his attack instead of turning back I made a sudden leap to the right, and in another moment gained the desired position, yet not without running a new and unexpected risk; for, in my momentary descent upon the intervening space, I found the leaf-strewn soil gave way under me, and instantly became aware that beneath it was a hollow or chasm of some sort. In another instant the unsteady footing I had there occupied was invaded by the pursuing checta. The enormous and ferocious creature, lighting within a foot of me, at the very verge of the pitfall, for such, indeed, it proved, and scarcely touched the treacherous superstructure, ere, the whole giving way, he was precipitated backwards, still, however, clinging with his fore-paws to the margin, whence his hot and fœtid breath struck against my forehead. In my utmost terror I could yet gaze with a strange fascination on the grand and awful appearance of the animal, itself full of fear as well as rage; its eyes, red and ravenous, sent a chill to my blood, while from its distended jaws, covered with spumy foam, issued the appaling discord of its voice. Once it raised itself so completely from the chasm into which its hinder parts depended, that I was sure it would escape, and, with a last effort, I raised my fowling piece, levelled it at his eyes, and fired. The cheeta, yelling hideously, fell into the pit; and breathing a fervent thanksgiving for such an issue to my well-founded apprehension, I sank, utterly unable to stand, upon the ground.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

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June 16th, 1848. 6m—148

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Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm. J. Bright.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
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Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
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